Vol. VI.

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No. 263.

AFTER THREE YEARS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"Did I? I declare I'd forgotten,
It was such a long time ago.
How easy one's memory shortens,
The older and wiser they grow!
One always says silly things sometime,
In the freshness and bloom of one's youth,
And I dare say there might have been one tim
When I thought I was telling the truth.
'Not married?' Why, Charlie, how funny!
It's time that you were, do you know;
You're young yet, with plenty of money—
Oh, pshaw! don't begin to talk so.
Of course you will marry—what speeches!
For a man of your years, I must laugh;
Let me see—I believe your age reaches
About twenty-eight years and a half.
'Will I dance?' yes, thank you, most certain;
Why not? Only, Charlie, take care,
Or people will say we are flirting,
And now that I'm—that is not fair!
You oughtn't that rose to have taken,
It's really not proper, because,
Since I have been—no, you're mistaken,
You must wait for the music to pause.
'And so you've been trav'ling. How long?

You must wait for the music to pause.

"And so you've been trav'ling. How long?
Ah, yes—I remember, three years;
But mercy! don't put such a scowl on;
No more—I don't like Le Desir—
They play it so fast, and I'm dizzy,
Now please do not take me to task;
'That gentleman watching'—'who is he?'
Yes, I know him, pray why did you ask?
Is it possible, Charlie, that no one
Has told you, that two years ago—
I was—is it you, Mr. Archer, I owe one?—
I really shall have to say 'no'—
For, with waltzing so swiftly with Charlie,
And the heat, and the supper, and all—
I'm ready to drop. Mr. Farley,
May I ask you—my husband to call?

"Ah, here he comes!—yes, Mr. Jennings.

May I ask you—my husband to call?

'Ah, here he comes!—yes, Mr. Jennings, I'm ready—but let me, my dear, Introduce my old friend, Charlie Glenning, Whom I have not seen for three year. I knew you were waiting—I saw you as patient a man as could be, I really had sympathy for you, But then you should dance, do you see? And now, if you'll please call the carriage, I'll wait here with Charlie:—well, well! And you knew not a word of my marriage! I thought so! I tried hard to tell You, but—ah, here's Mr. Jennings:

'The carriage is ready?' all right!
Call and see us, please do, Mr. Glenning, At West Forty-seventh— Good-night!'

The Terrible Truth:

THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON. AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED." "CO-RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER IV.

A LETTER AND A CHARGE.

The glory of a mid-August day lay upon the earth. Fields of late golden grain all ready for the harvest waved in the sun. Others turned their brown stubble toward the sky, and invited flocks of chattering, noisy birds by their wealth of scattered grains.

Nowhere was the splendor of that fervid summer month reflected more joyously than from the long reaches of Thornhurst. Never had the rich old estate given back a better yield; never had the orchards been more amply stocked with ruddy-cheeked, golden-striped fruit; never had the vineyard upon the hillside hung fuller of purpling, luscious clusters; never had the strips of woodland flung out such green, fresh banners at this season when the heat and the dust, the wear and tear, are so apt to reflect in tarnished blotches upon nature's gala-dress. Thornhurst mansion had put on a different aspect under the waving foliage, the masses of clambering vines, the wide, smooth lawn, the mazes of shrubbery and flower-garden stretching at its sides. A substantial red brick structure with many angles, with long, narrow windows overtopped by scrolls in white stone, with high, roomy chambers within, where all the brightness of sunshine, of glowing tints and rare adornments had been gathered to make perfect this well-based home.

Thornhurst mansion had gone up in all its stateliness not a quarter of a century before, when its master, Colonel Seymour Vivian, brought his bride with him to the old estate lying in one of the fertile valleys of Wostern Pennsylvania. He was forty-five and she was barely eighteen. His was a soldierly figure, tall, straight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, while she was a fairy little creature, one of those fragile, clinging, affectionate women, helpless as the tenderest of flowers, meant to be always well-sheltered and well-cared for, never fit to cope with the ills and woes of the world's struggles.

For all this seeming disparity no happier pair of lovers ever made of wedded life a lingering honeymon. A brief

left behind.
That was twenty-one years before, and Vane Vivian now was just of age, the idol of his father, for all there was sometimes tempestuous scenes between

tnem.

Seymour Vivian, hot-headed and passionate all his life-long, had grown irascible with advancing years. He had a great, generous heart within the straight, towering frame that withstood time like some grand



"Oh, go, go quick! my father is coming! Oh, do go, Owen!"

but we'll see if there's no check to such lavish indulgence."

Vane sat with his head resting back upon the chair, his dark, glowing face in bold relief against the crimson upholstery, looking coolly indifferent as if he thad the very least concern in all these charges.

"Well?" he said, inquiringly, as the other paused.

"Well! What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

"I? There seems no necessity to say anything. The bills speak for themselves, it appears. You'll see them said, of course."

"Pll see you hanged "—his hand came down upon the table with a mighty crash, and a round oath completed the sentence. Colonel Vivian was very often both unreasoning and abusive in his wrath.

"Is that all you have to say, father? I promised to join Dare on an angling expedition this afternoon. High time I was off."

Colonel Vivian's righteous indignation was too intense for expression. He stamped across the floor once more, with a great effort swallowed his violence, turning a sternly angry face upon his son.

"That is not all—not the worst if what I have heard be correct. Didn't I warn you against that villain Montrose? And I find you dangling after that girl of his in deflance of my express prohibition, and my revelations meant to open your eyes to the tactics of the precious pair. You were there yesterday, not two hours after I had been speaking upon that very subject."

two hours after I had been speaking upon that very subject."

"Your information is eminently correct, sir. Really, you succeeded in arousing my curiosity regarding such a dangerous piece of feminine duplicity, and I had never particularly observed the young lady in question. Finding myself near their place I called in for the express purpose of taking observations, and I found Miss Montrose as fair a piece of dainty flesh and rich coloring as Pd care to see. It was rather a novel and enticing idea, that of having such a superior person fling herself at my devoted head, but I saw enough to convince me that you may set your mind at rest on that score. However much I might be inclined to aspire there, it is very evident Miss Montrose has no thought of stooping to conquer. Deucedly telling on a rather good-looking young fellow's vanity, but the truth nevertheless."

The purple, angry flush died slowly out of the colonel's face. The first gust was generally the worst one with him.

"It's their devilish subtlety in making things ap-

The purple, angry flush died slowly out of the colonel's face. The first gust was generally the worst one with him.

"It's their devilish subtlety in making things appear so, Vane. I know Walter Montrose, and I know that he would move heaven and earth to get you in his clutches, to see his gipsy daughter installed here as mistress of Thornhurst. Gipsy or quadroon, she might be either from her look. I tell you, Vane, all the rest would be a small offense at the side of your disobeying me there."

"Upon my word, father, it strikes me you are a trifle more earnest than the case demands. If it were reversed now, and Thornhurst depended on my taking to Miss Montrose, you might be pardoned some tremors regarding the issue. If I ever find myself in imminent danger from that quarter, I promise to give you fair warning at the risk of disinheritance after the most approved high-tragedy method. Just now it might be more to the purpose to give your lawyer instructions regarding the liabilities represented there. Luck took an odd turn, but it all comes into a man's lifetime, I daresay."

Vane rose lazily and sauntered away as the colonel gave no sign of continuing the conversation.

"As well look for oranges on crab-trees as expect old heads on young shoulders, I suppose," muttered Colonel Vivian, knitting his bushy brows together.

"Every young man must sow his wild oats, and the devil fly away with the harvest!"

A light of pride fashed into his eyes as he saw Vane, a few moments later, cross the lawn and join his friend at the further extremity. Despite his variable, passionate moods, it was a fond father's heart beating in his bosom—a heart in which the handsome, dashing, reckless young fellow, was enshrined in a very wayward sort of blind idolatry. An idolatry which could overlook the grave faults brought to light and represented in those bills lying before him, but would have been relentless in crushing itself and him at any intimation of such a misalliance as the possibility of certain lately-formed plans of his own

"Rio Janeiro, June 20th, 1867.

"Colonel Seymour Vivian:

"My dear old friend of younger and happier days, in this my hour of need I turn to you as the one person in the world to whom I can profier my request, to whom I can intrust a sacred charge.

"I am dying, Seymour, dying alone, with no more kindly faceto watch me now, with no more kindly hands to close my eyes at last, than of the faithful native who has followed me in all my wanderings, these past ten years. Ah, well, let me not be ungrateful! There are few hearts so true as that of my good Kalig.

"You were kind enough once, when I was so happy as to render you some slight service, to urge upon me that if I ever should stand in need of friendly aid, be the return however great, that I should apply first of all to you. The time has come. Seymour, when that long past promise is sweetest solace to a dying man.

"Perhaps you know that I married almost a score of years ago. My wife was always delicate, and failed constantly after our child was born, a little daughter, called for the mother—Lenore. At last, when the little one was scarcely two years old, my wife taking counsel from her physician's solemn assurances, and yielding to my own entreaties, consented to a separation from our child and accompanied me upon a voyage in the hope of being restored to health. It was the last hope and a vain one. Lenore died on the voyage out, and I never since have set foot within the limits of the States.

"I have wandered all over the world since that, cutting off all near and dear ties as the time went, and it is years now, since I have even heard from little Lenore. My heart reproaches me for my neglect. Is it asking too much of you, my friend, to look after the welfare of my daughter? Will you be to her as the father she has never known?—kinder, nobler, more generous than I have even been.

"I have little enough to leave her. My sole earthly possessions are my personal effects which shall go to Kalig, the poor pittance of a few hundred dollars I have managed to put b

we never grow too old for castle-building, and Colonel Seymour Vivian set up a fair structure that day, not counting upon the chance of its tumbling in hopeless ruin about his ears some day—the too common ending of our *Chateaux d' Espagne*.

CHAPTER V.

He had a great, generous heart within the straight, towering frame that withstood time like some grand old oak grown rugged under the storms—a generous heart, but crusted in by obstinaey and long-induged self-opinion, until now he stood with his faults and his foibles, a hot-tempered, hasty old man, whose passions were like tropic storms, ferce and short his follows, a hot-tempered, hasty old man, whose passions were like tropic storms, ferce and short his foibles, a hot-tempered, hasty old man, whose passions were like tropic storms, ferce and short his fall and his foibles, a hot-tempered, hasty old man, whose passions were like tropic storms, ferce and short his fall and his foibles, a hot-tempered, hasty old man, whose passions were like tropic storms, flat his passions which his fall and his foibles, a hot-tempered, hasty old man, whose passions were like tropic at the state of the purpose to give your lawyer instant has a difficult matter to have traced what degree of kinglish and gone amiss with him this bright.

All the more thank the more of the purpose to give your lawyer instant has a difficult matter to have traced what degree of kinglish the more to the purpose to give your lawyer instant has a difficult matter to have traced what degree of kinglish the more to the purpose to give your lawyer instant his passions were like tropic at the was a distant relative of the purpose to give your lawyer instant his passion at the passion to a man's lifetime. The more thank the more to the purpose to give your lawyer instant his passion to a man's later to have traced what degree of kinglish the more to the purpose to give your lawyer instant his passion at model to a difficult was a difficult matter to have traced what degree of kinglish the more to the purpose to give your lawyer instant his passions was a sexpentive the convertance of the purpose to give your lawyer instant his passions was a sample for the storm. A difficult was a

"I began to think the finny innocents were to go undisturbed to-day," he said, relieving Vane of a part of the tackle he had brought along. "You are late."

"Had a little breeze with the colonel," Vane remarked, composedly. "I expected something of the kind, and the gust wasn't by any means so bad as it might have been. I say, Dare, I came near getting into difficulty regarding the incomparable, black-eyed Montrose."

"Ah?" Dare was noncommittal and apparently uninterested there.

"He got wind of my call yesterday. I didn't tell more than half the truth in giving the object of it. I wouldn't be guilty of such a flagrant breach of confidence as to repeat that my curiosity was to see the siren who has thr wn such a potent spell of enchantment about the conqueror. Pon my word, old fellow, if Miss Ferguson gets an inkling of this affair I wouldn't give much for your remaining chances.

They stop here—the Fergusons de-as they pass

ment about the conqueror. Pon my word, old fellow, if Miss Ferguson gets an inkling of this affair I wouldn't give much for your remaining chances. They stop here—the Fergusons do—as they pass through sometime about the last of the month. It's undeniable, though one hates to say it about so much propriety, the fair Augusta is jealous as a Turk, and faith! I think I shouldn't like to be her maid when our high lady's temper is up. That affair of the little girl down on the coast nearly cooked your goose for you, and take my word for it this following so soon would certainly be successful in completing that very interesting culinary operation."

"I'm not aware that I should object in the least. Nothing but keen necessity ever drove me to put my head in that noose, as you very well know, not so far but it may be gracefully withdrawn. I'm thankful to recollect. I couldn't see my way clear by any other means when I fell in with Miss Ferguson's rather evident expectations. The colonel's very generous offer has changed the phase of affairs since that. This prospect of doing the continent as traveling companion and useful attendant upon your august self gives me two whole years of grace yet, and who knows but the chance of a fortune with the flavor of old nobility about it which may cost less dearly than Miss Ferguson's meager eighty thousand in hand."

"Cool, by Jove! And meanwhile is the lovely Montrose doomed to languish alone? I wonder what you will do when there are no more worlds left to conquer, Owen!"

The shy, speckled beauties held an adverse league it was made to appear. They very decidedly declined to be lured by charmingly-natural flies, or squirming, disgusting grubs, such as Dare resorted to. Vane, never a very loving or patient disciple of Izaak Walton, strolled off, leaving his friend to grill under the August sun alone. However exemplary Dare's patience may have been with an eye-witness at his elbow, it wore away soon after the other's departure.

He shouldered his rod and sauntered down-stream, eastin

Dare's patience may have been with an eye-witness at his elbow, it wore away soon after the other's departure.

He shouldered his rod and sauntered down-stream, casting sharp glances on all sides of him as he went. He struck across the Thornhurst outlying fields presently, through a belt of cedars, to a narrow, solid gate set in a high, impenetrable hedge stretching beyond. It yielded to his hand and he stepped within, cautions still and hugging the shadow of the deep hedge. It was a gloomy, over-grown garden into which he had come, and at a distance through the matted masses of shrubbery and vines he could see the gleam of a white dress, the vague outline of an advancing form.

The figure came straight on to the spot where he stood. A figure Juno-like in its proportions, a face of the richest brunette type, clive complexion, pomegranate bloom, and wondrous dark eyes, lighting at sight of him.

He put out his hand with one word:

"Owen! Oh, you should not have come again. You fill me with such dread and terror lest we should be discovered."

"Dread and terror with me by you, Venetia? Remember it needs but one word of permission from you to put an end to it. I am not afraid to face your stern, cruel father."

"Not cruel, Owen—at least not cruel to me. But he might be, he would be, if he knew how I have disobeyed him. I fear most for you, Owen. He would kill you, I do believe."

"I can very well believe in his perfect willingness to do it, my own dear. But for the deed in fact gentlemen don't nowadays pink their adversaries under the fifth rib, or set hired ruffians on the track to add another to the list of mysterious disappearances, and make game for the police corps."

"You don't know my father, Owen. You don't know how terrible he is when his anger is aroused." The girl shivered in the warm afternoon air, and cast a frightened glance toward the house half-concealed by the rank, neglected growth between.

"I know myself, Venetia. I know that no man on earth ever yet mastered me or thwarted me in any object; hi

but could never love. I am going away, within another month, to be absent two long years. Venetia, can you refuse me the happiness I have plead for, for the brief time left us?"

The great, soft dark eyes were fixed steadily upon his face, so tenderly that Dare's own bold tender ones—'alsely tender eyes they had been before this—wavered and were averted for the moment, but she did n.t. answer in words.

"Confound the innocence that will take no meaning but the straight one, bounded by a wedding-ring, out of such impassioned love-making as mine has been," he thought. "But, I love the bright siren all the more for it. I've never been thwarted in my life and I don't expect to be now, by a woman. Mine she must be, mine she shall be, by fair means if I can't get her by foul. But who would have expected so much prudery in that glowing type of tropical exuberance."

Dare, whose cold heart had never throbbed out of time even in the heat of his most vivid flirtations, was desperately in earnest now. So desperately in the heat of his most vivid flirtations, was desperately in earnest now. So desperately in earnest now. So desperately in earnest now. So desperately in the heat of his most vivid flirtations, was desperately in earnest now. So desperately in earnest now. So desperately in earnest now. So desperately in the heat of his most vivid flirtations, was desperately in earnest now. So desperately in the heat of his most vivid flirtations, was desperately in earnest now. So desperately in earnest now

CHAPTER VI

CHAPTER VI.

INTO THE DARKNESS.

Dake kept himself close, all of the following day, until the dressing-bell classhed its warning through the great house. The Fergusons had come during the morning. The party comprised, as leading spirit, the fair Augusta herself; as matron and chaperone a fair, timid little woman, with unvarying sweetness of disposition and not the slightest force of character, the wife of a cousin who was Augusta's nominal guardian, though she had passed by seven full years the age when a guardian's care may be leg lly dispensed with. Besides, there were two young ladies, just b'ossoming into society—fluttering, insipla young misses enough: a mascaline Ferguson, not the consin but another, one degere removed, marriageable, weak voiced, with a flax-colored mustache, which engrossed half h's time, the thin fair features that characterized the family, who divided his languid devotion with charming impartiality between the two young debutantes. And the new addition since the young men left the coast, Mr. Sholto Norton Hayes.

The Fergusons were connected with the Vivians in

guid devotion with charming imparitality between the two young debutantes. And the new addition since the young men left the coast, Mr. Sholto Norton Hayes.

The Fergusons were connected with the Vivians in about the same remote degree which linked them with Dare, and the chanze in their plans bringing them to Thornhurst till two weeks earlier than indicated by the original programme was due entirely to the leading spirit. After years of aimless and indifferent drifting, Aurusta's aspirations were fixed. She had never marrried, for the simplest of all reasons—no eligible person had ever asked her to marry. The eighty thousand had drawn her numerous admirers, it is true. It had been no secret in these later years, that Miss Ferguson wanted a husband, but Miss Ferguson had never mark high, after her own peculiar views, and her frigid hanteur was unmelting toward the common crowd who flocked about. her. Miss Ferguson had money and she wanted a husband, but she wanted a husband of elegant style, a fair share of good looks, and milmited devotion. She had found her beau ideal in Dare. He had been very attentive during this season past, but he had fought shy of the impor ant issue, and if Dare had been desperate Miss Ferguson was no less so in reference to the end. Some rumor of the proposed Enropean sojourn was wafted back to her, and in his haste she had followed him up, determined that this next week at Thornhurst should decide their fares. Mr. Sholto Norton Hayes had attached himself in the very nick of time to become a weapon in the fail add's hands. She who had never bent from her ice-berg severity, unless indeed to Dare, now stooped to conquer. She smiled mild encouragement upon Mr. Hayes, and took him in her train, and swept said train off to Thornhurst in greater haste than her own rather particular sense of propriety was willing to approve. But it was one of those great issues requiring great measures; for the only time in her life Miss Ferguson forfeited her regard tor les convenances and proved herself equ

the comparative attractions of wine and t must have reflected strongly to the favor of

so speedily that if a deduction had been drawn involving the comparative attractions of wine and ladies, it must have reflected strongly to the favor of the latter.

Colonel Vivian alone ling red, and Sholto Hayes was detained in the drawing-room by Mrs. Ferguson. The other three passed out through the wide open windows, and by chance rather than design Miss Augusta found herself alone with D rre, with the lawn stretching between them and other companions, strolling side by side at the edge of the fish-pond, which was one of Colonel Vivian's especia cares.

The sun was quite down now and the purple tints of twilight fast succeeding. The distant voices mingled with the faint rustling of leaves borne upon the breeze. Here was solitude, romantic surroundings, and the witching hour which is prone to delude. The fair Augusta's heart beat perceptibly faster, a flat contradiction to an assertion which had once been made that she had no more heart than a salamander. Had she maneuvered for it she could not have brought about a more auspicious combination of circumstances. The question was would Dare take advantage of the opportunity? She led the conversation with artful references to his own expected absence and her probable plans.

"Yes," he aid, indolently suppressing a yawn, "two years do look rather long ahead. The voyage will be a bore, and doing the continent something tedious, I haven't a doubt. But to a mortal who has no aspirations for the future it's about one whether the months drag through here in the States, or in China, or Hindoostan, to say nothing of the intervening localities. For my part, I don't know that I'd give a picayune for the difference."

Miss Ferguson was startled—shocked out of her cultivated screnity. This was rank heresy coming from Dare whose looks if not his speech had declared before now the absolute misery of existing out of

cultivated screnity. This was rank heresy coming from Dare whose looks if not his speech had declared before now the absolute misery of existing out of her presence. Every man must have some aspiration. Certainly he, brilliant and talented—with a confiding glance—had some hope which he was cherishing?

confiding glance—had some hope which he was cherishing?

Dare remained sub'imely unconscious of the soft imputation. Was he blind, willfully blind? Did he never intend to speak at all? A sullen glow of anger and injured pride rose up within the lone-expectant, long-enduring breast. Yonder in the distance came Sholto Hayes, released from his unwelcome detention, rambling the gloomy grounds evidently in search of them. He would speak gladly enough on half the encouragement she had given Dare. They were lost in the dense shadow from the line of elms stretching away at one side, but the first edge of the rising moon was just visible above the horizon, and very soon the lawn would be one flood of silvery light. Dare's quick eye had detected the advancing figure.

figure.

"Of course I'll be superseded," he said, in that plaintive accent which gave no intimation of how welcome the prospect was to him. "It's what we all have to expect in this world, where transition comes so easy—where so be 'off with the old love and on with the new,' every quarier or so seems to be the expected result, and quite the proper thing to do. We'll, I don't bear any malice, Miss Ferrus'm, in token of waich shail I call yonder wandering, disconsolate spirit ou s? Or shall we go forward and meet him?"

This was faitly turning the tables upon Miss Asset

meet him?"

This was fairly turning the tables upon Miss Angusta, at the outset. It was wielding her weapon in reserve as an object of offense. She had meant Sholto Hayes as a warning to him of how easily the prize might be lost, and here he was taking his own defeat as a matter of course, from the year start.

easily the prize might be lost, and here he was taking his own defeat as a matter of course, from the very start!

"As you please, Mr. Dare," she returned, with marked emphasis. "Or—shall we not stay here and see the moon rise?"

"And have you taking cold in this damp atmosphere? How careless of me not to have observed before, that you were without a shawl. I wouldn't ask to be pardoned if I were capable of detaining you under such circumstances."

The moon came up with a bound at that, the great white harvest-moon, and Hayes, espying them, huried in that direction as they turned from the vicinity of the fish-pond.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said, coming up breathless. "Some of the colonel's

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said, coming up breathless, "Some of the colonel's neighbors have happened in, and Mrs. Ferguson is going to give us some of her exqui-ite wallz-music; they have cleared out the back parlor, and everybody is wanted who can appreciate the situation, as you can, Miss Augusta lingered, turning to Dare:
"You are coming, of course?"

can, Miss Augusta.

Miss Augusta lingered, turning to Dare:

"You are coming, of course?"

"Weil, no, I believe not. I'm not an ardent devotee of Terpsichore at the best. Just now I have a fancy for a stroll under the moon and stars with a cheroot for a companion."

Releasing Miss Ferguson's fair hand from beneath his arm, and relinquishing her with his own impressive gallantry to the other's charge, he sauntered away into the shade of the elms, and was lost to their view. The lady's face was at its haugustiest, the iceberg was at its most frigid stateliness, as she walked back toward the mansion at the side of Sholto Norton Hayes. She was justly incensed atthis sudden change in Dare. She had the right to expect more and better from him. It was faintly dawning to her mind—most unwelcome knowledge—that he had been trifling with her as she had known him to trifle with others while she believed him yet trie in heart to her.

with others while she believed him yet take in heart to her.

If Dare had been wantonly passing opportunities, the more honest if less ardent lover at her side had vainly sought such. He was a rather innocent, rather well-meaning young man. The eighty thousand was full as glittering a bait to his eyes as it had been to Owen Dare, but he had the advantage on his side of honestly meaning to fulfill the part of a good husband, should he succeed in winning. He was not handsome—a chief objection in Miss Ferguson's sight. He was tall and thin and sallow, with sandy hair and a retreating forchead and a large mouth, altogether a very neutral sort of young man at thirty-two. He was not assured, and he did not overestimate his chances, and it was the desperate idea that he might lose by heing last which brought his courage up to the point of speaking now, and would have

done the same at any previous period of these last

He pleaded his cause in hesitating, ungraceful sen

two weeks.

He pleaded his cause in hesitating, ungraceful sentences, but with an earnestness of candor which appealed to Miss Ferguson's aggrieved heart.

"I was wanting to say this back at the coast," he said, in conclusion. "I made up my mind to have it over and know what to expect, and I've told you now, awkwardly enough. I'm airaid, but I'm only wanting to show you in fact that I mean all I've said about making you as good a husband as the most of men do make. I'll take it as a great honor if you can say 'Yes,' and I'll not forget how little deserving of such a boon I am.'

She knew that he was sinc re in that and in his admiration for her. She hads yle, and be unty of a sort, and eighty thousand dollars, and she could add considerably to his happiness through all these things. Whether she would was a question which had escaped his mind, exce t in the first instance of his gaining her. He could not have chosen a better moment to plead his suit. Her pride was outraged; she had been badly treated, and she never could endure the mortification of having it bruited about that Darhad jilted her at last. He took her hand and she suffered it to ie cold, limp, passive in his own.

He brought a ring out of his left vest-pocket, bunglingly.
"I got it in the hope of this time," he said, and it

He brought a ring out of this time," he said, and it sparkled on her finger under the silvery moon almost before she knew. She drew her hand away and began to remove it, saying a little confusedly:

"You have taken me by surprise, Mr. Hayes. I—I must have a little time to think of this. If you like, I'll consider it and give you an answer a week from now."

Some vague lingering of the old expectation, the some vague ingering of the old expectation, the tenacity of struggling hope which will not peacefully give up the ghost after it has been struck its death-blow, caused her to stipulate for that week they were to remain at Thornburst. In her heart she knew at that moment well as she knew after the week had passed that her answer would be "Yes."

Mr. Sholto Norton Hayes, however, had been sufficiently uncertain to receive this much concession thankfully.

chankfully. "Wou't you wear the ring? ' he asked, humbly and entreatingly. "You can give it back to me, you know, if you can't make up your mind to take me along. It would cut me deucedly though, to have is come to that."

along. It would cut me deucedly though, to have it come to that."

They went back to the company afterward, keeping their secret between themselves. There were music and dancing and conversation and enjoyment, un it half past eleven that night, at the mansion, but up to the moment when the last guest departed, the house closed and the inmates retired to rest, Dare had not put in an appearance. Evidently the moon and the stars and his cheroot had brought absorbing influences to bear upon him.

Another had watched the great round white harvest-moon come up with its sudden bound. A dark-robed form shrinking in the gloom of her unlighted chamber her hot blood thrilled by the terror and delight of this time beating in burning flushes to he cheeks herself all ready for her flight with the man she loved. The long, dragging minutes were slowly told. Eight o'clock struck; then the quarter, and the half-hour, and at last nine!

A door opened from her room, and a half-dozen steps led down to the ground. She let herself noise-lessly out, listening at every step, and stood still with the gloom of the tangled, overgrown garden stretching before her, the home and the heart whose light and hope she had been until now at her back. Did no secret warning then whisper her to turn from her purpose while there was yet time? Did no thought on the stern old man whose love for her was only qualled by his pride and his stiff, inflexible will, awake some temporated the mer have been but no thought?

she to leave the frought the masses of thick foli-one benind her.

She darted away through the masses of thick foli-ge, and reaching the gate in the hedge, let hersel-prough, locking it after her. She waited there reathless, her swift, heavy, heart-bests almost suffo-

breathless, her swift, heavy, heart-heats almost suffocating her, until a light, cantious step traversed the woo land, and Dare stood before her.

He gathered her in his arms, holding her close, and whispering sweet words of affe tion and promise. Only for a moment, and then he hurried her away.

Their walk was a long, swift and almost a silent one. There were scarcely two mituries to spare when they reached the station. Dare rushed into the building, secured tickets, and was be ck at her side in half the time. There were no other passengers from the little station, and there was no delay of a jostling, scurrying crowd. A door was thrown back, he put out his hand, assisting her into the car, sat down by her side, slouching his hat low down over his eyes, and turning his face to the shadow against the improbable chance of interested eyes finding him out. Then, with a shriek, a series of jerks and starts, the train was under way again, a great, black, writhing thing with hosts of flery eyes rushing out from the little station through the calm, clear, moonlift night. But the two within were rushing into a night of blackness, of pain and misery and horror which meither could forecast.

of pain and misery and horror which (To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

The Dumb Page: THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," "THE RED RAJAH," "THE ROCK RIDER," "THE SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

JULIA DANDOLO, the young daughter of the aged Doge, was not in the ducal palace She lived in the private palace of the Dandolo family, where she was now, in deep conversation with her cousin, the Countess Milleroni Julia was the child of her father's old age.

his one darling, whom he felt too jealous of, even to allow her to marry. As a devotee had she been brought up, in charge of the pious brothers and sisters of the church, who flattered themselves that in her young mind the world was effectually buried. by such influences, seeing none of the gay so ciety of the city, Julia might have been expected to be subdued to a nonentity. Quite the contrary. She was only bored.

She inherited too much of her father's fiery energy to be made a recluse of, and too much of her Florentine mother's subtle pliancy to rebel openly. The end of this restraint, under which she was kept, was singular. From ten to sixteen she employed her mind on mas tering every science and language that the holy fathers could teach her. At seventeen she could tell any one of them all he knew. At eighteen she also knew her own powers, and was planning incessantly to escape abroad and exercise them. At eighteen and a half, when we meet her, she was an accomplished mistress of deceit, with the innocent grace of a kitten to hide its claws. Julia Dandolo was small and slight, very pretty, with long, bright curls and blue eyes. She was leaning on Estella's knee, looking up into her eyes coaxingly as

"But indeed, Estella, it was but a harmless affair. I saw the cavalier only a week ago. and it is so dull here, you know. How could help speaking to him? You know I never

vent out and enjoyed myself as you do. "And I never went out till I was married," expostulated the countess severely. not fitting, Julia, for a young girl to talk to strange men. Men are like roaring lions,

eeking whom they may devour." Julia glanced up at her sage cousin from under her bright curls, with a strange, keen

"But you talk to men, cousin," she said ftly; "Guiseppina told me, only this morsoftly; ning, that you were the belle of the Foscari ball, the night before last."

The countess flushed angrily, as she replied "Guiseppina is a gossiping servant girl, and I should think that you would not refer to that night, when only my interference. along with Captain Bonetta, saved you from being the public talk. If I had told your father, as I threatened, you would have sent off to the convent of Madonna del Mare before this.'

Julia pouted slightly.

"Captain Bonetta's very kind," she said, peevishly; "I wish he and you would leave me alone. I don't think it's fair that the only man I ever saw, should be betrothed to some one else. I don't count priests,"

Estella lifted her hands in pious horror. Her proper and well regulated notions were inexpressibly shocked by the surprising heresies of this little rebel. "Julia," she said, severely, "I must keep

my word and tell him."
"You may save yourself the trouble," murmured Julia, in a lamblike voice; "I told him yesterday, when you were on the lake, ma-

donna, along with Don Lorenzo." And the little kitten shot up a glance that plainly said : "How do you like that ?"

The countess sat for a moment in speech loss amazement. How did this child, shut up among recluses, know all this? Julia kind ly informed her before she asked.

"Oh! you needn't think I don't know any thing," she added, tossing her bright curls.
"Papa mia is not so terrible as you think him. He lets Guiseppina go out and get me the news of the city, now and then. And I told him all about how Don Lo. enzo had come to our palace to give me some secret news about a Turkish conspiracy, and how you and that stupid Captain Bonetta interfered and hurt

the poor old man."
"Old man!" exclaimed Estella, amazed. 'Who do you mean?"

"Poor old Don Lorenzo," said Julia, plain tively; "I never saw him except in the dark, but he says that he is very old."

The countess looked at Julia with a wistful The blue-eyed kitten returned the gaze with the guileless innocence of a new-born angel. Estella was five years older than ner cousin, a brilliant woman of society, and till that day had been accustomed to overawe the other. She began to think that Julia knew too much. She tried to put her down by an assumption of authority.

You wicked girl," she exclaimed. " you have deceived your poor blind father. Who would have thought it would come to this? I will send for father Francis, your confessor. We will see if bread and water penance will

not bring you to your senses." "You needn't trouble yourself," protested Julia, pouting; "I told papa how cross Father Francis was, and he has promised to have a fresh confessor for me.

The countess was about to answer when a great clattering was heard on the stone floor of the corridor outside.

"There he is now," said Julia, triumphantly. "That's my new confessor, Father Ambrose Now tell him what you like."

The door opened, and a monk in the brown habit of the Carmelites entered the room, his wooden sandals making a great clatter. The monk was rather tall, but stooped with age, and wore a very long, bushy gray beard. He had a weary air and kept his eyes fixed on the ground. One of them was covered with a black shade, and the other looked reddened around the lids, as if inflamed.

"Pax vobiscum, my daughters!" he said, in a low voice, (of remarkable sweetness, how-ever;) "I was told that I should find my young charge, the lady Julia, here. I am poor Father Ambrose, of Mount Carmel, and my superior has sent me to care for that tender lamb and lead her in the right path.'

'You will find it a hard task, father," de clared the countess, in a severe tone. child is very, very troublesome! you say, father, to her conversing from her chamber window with a young cavalier, without her father's knowledge ?

The good monk lifted up his hands in amazement, although he kept his eyes fixed on the ground, under the rule of his order. He groaned deeply and said: "The devouring wolf is ever ready to rend

not of the peril. We must be gentle with her. madonna, and teach her the right way. She seems sorry.' In fact, Julia 'ooked the picture of peni-

tence, as she hung her pretty head, and glanced shyly at the grave confessor from under her curls. "Let us commence our office, my daughter," he half ordered. "The church is a good

mother to her repentant child, and honest confession is good for the soul. Madonna, let us pray you to leave us, for the church would be e with her daughter

The countess rose with a satisfied air. "Certainly, father, and I hope you will be severe with her, for she deserves it richly. Your blessing father."

She sunk on her knees, and the monk waved his hand over her in benediction. Benedicite, filia mea!" he said; "Pax

Domini tecum, in secula. Amen.' The countess glided from the room in silence. and Father Ambrose resumed his seat in a large chair. The humility of demeanor he had worn ceased, as the steps of the countess re-

ceded on the stone flagging. The authority of the confessor replaced it. Julia came near, with charming timidity, and knelt at his feet, when the Carmelite ob

"Begin, my daughter, with the cavalier yonder lady mentioned. Who was he? How

came he under your window?" Julia bent her head with a crimson blush, It is so different to tell these things to a man. She began to cry.

He was a handsome cavalier, father, so handsome. I saw him first from my window, one evening, as he passed by in his gondola, and he kissed his hand to me. And then every evening, at the same hour, he passed front of the house and turned down the side canal. And one moonlight night as I sat by the window, when every one was asleep, he came again, and sung, oh ! so sweetly. And before he went he shot an arrow up into my

wrapped round it. Wasn't he bold?" The Carmelite turned away his head a moment, and said in a gruff tone: "Go on, child. Heaven defend the lamb

window, and oh! father! there was a letter

"But he wasn't a bit like the wolf, father." she protested. "He was about your hight, with lovely black hair and eyes. And what do you think he said in his letter?"

"Ask me not, child," answered Father Ambrose, grimly; "those wicked men are all alike. He asked you to meet him somewhere, no doubt, or to change your room to some more quiet part of the house. The wiles of the devil are thousand."

Why father," with a little low laugh, "you must be a wizard! How could you know that? He told me that he knew I could do anything with my father—and so I can, you know, and that I ought to ask him to change my room to one in the side of the house just over the little postern where it was quieter. And I did, father. I was very wicked, but it was so dull and quiet, and I longed so to see him. And so, father, we met, and he was so respectful and tender, and we changed rings, and-

Julia broke off with a low shriek of surprise. and terror. One of the monk's hands, hith-erto hidden in his long sleeve, stole out, white amethyst, malachite, onyx, ruby and emerald. The initial letters of the five composed the

nized the ring.
"Hush!" said the false monk, in an eager whisper; "Julia, my love, my queen of hearts, father to see your highness."
I have risked death to see thee. It is I, "Welcome, my children,"

Lorenzo. He prevented her screaming by catching her to his breast, and covering her head with his wide sleeves. But after the first moment of surprise the clever girl seemed to have no intention of screaming. She nestled up to her disguised lover, and said, plaintively:

Why didn't you show me that before? I could have teased Estella so."

Don Lorenzo laughed. "I didn't dare to," he exclaimed. "You would have started and betrayed all. You are no actress yet, my poor, innocent little dove Safe in your dove-cot from the snares of the fowler you have no occasion for deceit yet."

Julia looked up at him with a peculiar glance, and withdrew herself from his arms. "You think so? Well, you are right. I had no occasion for deceit till I saw Don

Bellario opened his arms coaxingly

"Don't let us quarrel, Julia mia," he pled; our enemies are outwitted, and we can be appy. Did I not do it well?' As he approached her, the girl retreated, pointing her inger at him.

Oh! how ugly you look?" she exclaimed. Don't come near me while you look like that. I shall never be able to think of you again as my handsome Lorenzo.

Bellario halted, a little confused, and began to take the black shade off his eye. His vanity was wounded. "Oh! here they come! Here they come!

cried Julia, with every symptom of terror. "Put it on again or you will be found out." And indeed the sound of approaching foot steps was plainly audible. Lorenzo replaced the patch and resumed his seat, while Julia threw herself at his feet and began a rattling

fire of teasing remarks till the door opened. The little girl seemed to be determined to prove to her lover that, deep as he was, she was no novice.

"Ah! how ugly you look!" she whispered, making a little grimace of disgust, and giving him a sly pinch; "you have painted one eye, and covered the other, till you look like a starved beggar. I shall never like you again (pinch.) Iv'e got you now, signor. You think I knew nothing of your love-making yester day. Over the sparkling, sparkling sea (pinch). Call out if you dare, and the sbirri will have you in one minute, for coming here in disguise (pinch). I'll teach you to go about making love to all the beauties of Venice, and especially to my saintly cousin (pinch) Estella

The door opened at the last words, after several unanswered knocks, and the Countess Milleroni, followed by a liveried messenger, entered, and found the innocent Julia on her mees, with clasped hands and bended head. her face the impersonation of sweet humility

and heartstricken penitence. "Oh! father," she murmured, so wrapped in sorrow as to be insensible to surrounding objects; "how shall I ever obtain forgiveness for my terrible, terrible sins? You have brought to my mind so fully what a wretch I was to have anything to do with that infamous Spaniard, that common stabber and bravo, Don Lorenzo Bellario. Indeed, father, I accuse myself of everything wicked in regard to him, and for being so rude to my good cousin Estella. And indeed, father, I hate and despise that wretch Bellario, and I will ask my

father to have him beheaded for a traitor.' 'Peace, my daughter!" said the false monk with admirable gravity, and quite as unconscious to all appearance of the presence of strangers; "Bellario was a bad man, but now truly repentant, and there is much joy in heaven over such. But now my daughter, it behooves thee to forgive him, as he is sincerely penitent, and so thou mayest prepare thyself to receive absolution after penance performed. In the first place thou must crave pardon on thy knees of the worthy countess, and of Captain Bonetta, for thine evil talk against them, and then-

The countess motioned to the servant, and the two softly retired, closing the door behind them. As soon as it was closed Julia inflicted a violent pinch in revenge on Don Lorenzo, and then they heard several loud knocks on the door and coughing. "I'll beg her pardon," muttered Julia, re-

vengefully; "but I'll make you pay for it

"Come in !" cried Don Lorenzo, desperately, the fear of the consequences of detection alone restraining him from crying out, so viciously did the artful little minx torment him.

The door opened again, and the religious tableau was once more presented to view. Don Lorenzo turned his head and the countess sa-

luted him respectfully.
"Reverend father," she said; "I am sorry to disturb your duties, but his highness, the Doge, has just sent an urgent message requesting the immediate attendance of his own daughter and myself on important busine The venerable monk bowed his head meekly.

"It is well, my daughter," he considered the lady Julia can go. I have confessed her and enjoined a penance upon her, which she will now perform. Come forward, madonna. The countess swept forward, and the monk led her to the kneeling penitent, who repeated with angelic patience, after her confessor.

"Dear cousin, I spoke very ill to you, and I crave your pardon and that of Heaven there-Please forgive me." The countess raised her and embraced her

warmly. Julia laid her head on her cousin's shoulder with a sob, and made a grimace at the reverend father, unseen by any one else. Then the two cousins left the room, preceded by the servant, and humble Father Ambrose hobbled after, making a great clatter with his

CHAPTER X.

OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE. AT the waterstairs of the Dandolo palace lay

wooden sandals.

state barge, into which the ladies stepped, closely vailed. Humble Father Ambrose was about to retire, when the countess graciously beckoned him forward.

"We shall be too much honored by your company, father," she said. "There are no secrets too great not to be shared with the church.

The Carmelite bowed with great humility, and sat down in the boat next to the countess, keeping clear of the dangerous vicinity of Julia Dandola.

He displayed the same edifying humility all

the way to the palace, and even removed his sandals to avoid disturbing the magnates as they passed up the grand staircase by the lion's mouth. The servant preceded the ladies erto hidden in his long sleeve, stole out, white down the long passages till he ushered them and tapering, on his knee, and on the little finito the Doge's private cabinet, where they ger gleamed a ring, composed of five jewels, found the old warrior all alone seated by the

window, and looking haggard and weary.
"Is it thou, Mateo?" asked the Doge quickly, Italian word amore—love, and the girl recognized the ring.

"It is, your highness," replied the servant. I have brought the ladies and their ghostly

"Welcome, my children," said the blind old an, sadly. "The holy father is welcome, man, sadly. "The holy father is welcome, too. Mateo, retire. Julia, my child, come close to me. I cannot see thee, child, but I know thou art there. Estella, come hither, and you, holy father. I have a sad tale to tell thee, my brother's child. Would to God it were not so, but Estella, it is better coming from me than

from another." Julia was already at her father's knee, silently kissing his hand. The countess caught her breath and turned pale, as she asked:

"My lord, what mean you? Is he hurt? Has he fought Don Lorenzo?" The Doge shook his head sadly. Julia glanced keenly up at Estella, with a look of

surprise. I know nothing of Don Lorenzo," declared I the Doge. "He was a good and gallant offi-on cer five years ago, but they tell me he has been wild and dissipated since. Ah! well. I was a wild youth once. He may do well yet. No, Estella. It is not of Don Lorenzo that I would speak, but of Antonio Bonetta, the captain whom I trusted, whom I made commander of the red galleys, my own guard in battle, the man whom I made noble, and promised to take the place of Milleroni, dead in the arms of victory. Antonio Bonetta is a traitor to the land of his adoption, and he has

fled Venice to go to the Turk." Estella had been growing paler and paler as he proceeded. At the last words she uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"Gone! Antonio! It cannot be! My lord. I saw him only the night before last." "Estella," said the Doge, firmly, "he is gone. And hidden in his room was found a letter proving him to be in league with the

Turk. "But how know you this, my lord?" she gasped out. "May not there be a mistake?" The old Doge waved his hand for silence.

was found his accusation, which also designated the hiding place of Daoud Pasha's letter. We sent there and found it, and learned, moreover, that Bonetta left Venice last night, in the cara vel, with dispatches, sailing for Leghorn. He must have got wind of suspicion from some

quarter." The countess looked wildly around her and met the sad, pitying glance of Father Ambrose. She shuddered, and burst into bitter tears. "Oh! my lord, my lord,"

what have I done that this disgrace should fall upon me ?" The Doge bowed his white head sadly. "On all of us, Estella," he answered, "un-less we cast away all memory of this ungrate-

ful traitor." The countess stamped her foot haughtily "Let it perish forever!" she exclaimed, all the pride of five centuries of nobles blazing in her large hazel eyes. "Never shall it be said that a daughter of Dandolo wept for a traitor those tears due only to the memory of the brave. My lord, do as you will with him. Henceforth the name of that man never crosses my lips. Fled to the Turk! Let him flee! Estella Milleroni only sorrows that her own

hand cannot send the traitor to the block to save her country." Julia had been perfectly still all this while at her father's knee. Now she asked:
"And what will be done to Bonetta, if he

comes back, papa mia ?" 'DEATH!" thundered the old Doge, raising his shaking hand. "Venice was his foster mother. She warmed and fed him. Estella, thou art my other daughter. Thou shouldst be a man, for the spirit of Dandolo is strong

in thee." Father Ambrose turned his back and looked out of the window. "And she pretended to love this man !"

said he to himself, with a bitter sneer. donna! Madonna! My vengeance is going onward. Julia Dandolo looked at her cousin wist-

fully Estella," she said, slyly; "you will be con-The countess flushed scarlet and turned

CHAPTER XI.

THE BROTHERS BOTTARMA. THE setting sun glowed crimson, the gleaming belt of the Arno, as it bathed the walls of Florence the fair. The tall cypresses waved in the evening breeze, and the tall white shaft of the Campanile of Giotto, just newly built, shot up beside the magnificent dome of Santa

A tall gaunt man, whose pale and hollow cheeks bespoke recent illness, while the breadth of his shoulders, showing tremendous bone, was contradicted by their skeleton outline, as far as regarded present strength, rode in at the western gate mounted on a mule. He was dressed in a faded jerkin, and hose of blue and red, that looked as if they had been part of a uniform once, and his right arm was in a sling. Every now and then, as he went, he coughed feebly, and appeared to be in the last stage of exhaustion.

Compassionate glances reached him from various quarters as he rode in, and pulling up his sorry mule, inquired feebly the way to "the

brothers Bottarma. "But every one knows them," answered the worthy citizen addressed; "they live in the Strada Nova, about two streets from this. You vill know the house by the crossed swords over the door, with the mortar and pestle above them. A wonderful pair, neighbor. The one brother can wound any man despite all his best efforts. That is Nicola, the master of fence. The other can cure any wound not mortal, so that one makes trade for the other. Nicola and Guiseppe, leech and fencing-master A great pair, and an honor to Florence. where else could you find such." And the worthy citizen puffed with importance. thinks you look as if you needed the leech, friend," he resumed, inquisitively. "Where

from, if I may ask?"
"Purgatory!" said the stranger, grimly, as he shook the rein on the weary mule's neck; and going to the other place as fast as I can The Florentine gossip stood gazing after the grim stranger, the picture of amazed horror.

"Well!" he ejaculated, as soon as he found his breath; "it must be the devil himself! From purgatory and going to hell! I never heard such a thing in all my life! I'll go and tell neighbor Scutelli."

And he bustled off, open-mouthed Meanwhile the grim stranger rode off up the

E--- THE BARDED TO THE ENDING E---

street to the house of the celebrated brothers Bottarma.

He soon saw it, a handsome edifice, of that beautiful ornamental brick-work of which the Italians of the fifteenth century were such masters, in the severe Italian gothic style Over the deep doorway were the immense crossed swords, and above them a great gilt pestle and mortar, with the name BOT-TARMA FRATELLI in large gold letters be-

The tired man slowly and stiffly swung himself from his jaded mule, which he fastend to a stone hitching-post outside. Then he dragged himself rather than walked to the door, and beat on it with the pommel of the rapier he wore.

Having struck three blows, he was fain to sink down on the stone seat by the side of the deep porch, and cough hard, spitting blood as

Presently the door opened; and a stout, medium-sized man, with a square, good-hu-mored face, short black beard, eye of remarkable keenness, and a general appearance of vigorous health and strength, stood looking at the shabby stranger, who was bent double on the seat, coughing with a deep, cavernous sound. The black-bearded man was in his shirt-sleeves, and the bare arms he showed were masses of corded muscle. He glanced keenly at his visitor, then at the mule, and turned his head inside the house.

"Ho! brother!" he shouted, in a stentorian voice: "come down. Thou'rt wanted!" The shabby stranger raised his head.

"I want both of you," he said, in a low, hoarse voice; "him first and you afterward, if you are Nicola Bottarma."

"I am Nicola Bottarma," said the black-bearded man, kindly; "but my brother will have to take care of you for long before I can have anything to do with you. Here he is now. Brother, here is a sick man. Shall I carry him in ?"

A much taller man, slender and intellectual looking, but very like Nicola, although his face was clean-shaven, came out and eyed the stranger keenly for a few moments. Then he felt his pulse, and looked at the jaded mule "How far have you come to-day?" he

asked, abruptly. "From Leghorn," said the stranger, faintly "Where are you hurt?" asked the leech.
"Here, and here," responded the other,

pointing with his left hand to his right breast and shoulder. 'Carry him in, 'Cola," said Guiseppe Bot-

tarma, briefly. The fencing-master picked up this man of six foot three in his arms, as if he had been an infant, and carried him into the house. Guiseppe went out, untied the mule, gave him

"Go home where you belong. I know you well enough."

The animal trotted off down the street to a sort of livery stable that was there. Bottarma recognized him as belonging there, and knew he was safe.

Then this eccentric specimen of medieval doctor re-entered the house, slammed the door and entered a large room, where he found Nicola, or 'Cola, as he was called for short, standing over the shabby stranger, who lay on a couch. Guiseppe advanced and before he uttered a word, he undressed the other's wounds and examined them. They proved to be a puncture in the right shoulder, some three nches deep, and three-cornered in shape, and a second wound in the right breast near the shoulder, going clear through to the back.

Both wounds were very foul and feverish.
"You must go to bed," said Guiseppe.
"Your wounds are healthy enough, but you've fevered them to-day. You must have the strength of a bull to have come from Leghorn with these drains on you."

"Stop!" said the stranger; "how long will it be before I am strong again?"
"Your wounds will heal in two months," said the leech. "After that, 'Cola must take you in hand. He does the training."

must have been very strong when in health. His sunken blue eyes burned with a flerce, feverish glitter, and his matted hair and beard please. But he's one of those chaps that won't

mond, as you see, and it is worth at least ten 'Cola took the ring and examined it admir-

"You are too modest, signor," he said; "this ring is worth at least thirty thousand scudi. We can not rob you like that. will sell it for you if you wish, and keep ten thousand scudi, but we do not ask for so much. My brother can cure you, and I can teach you to fence. But it only rests with yourself to I can not supply you with brains others, but I could not teach him to beat me. He had not patience to study."

The stranger caught at the sound of the last name with great eagerness.

"Tell me one thing," he said, with great eagerness; "if I am patient and untiring, never resting from thought day or night, practic ing censtantly with you, obeying all your instructions, can you promise me that I shall beat him_Bellario?"

He ground out the last word through his teeth in such a fury as set him to coughing again. Guiseppe Bottarma made him sit down and 'Cola answered the question of his eyes.

"Certainly I can," he said, confidently; have reach and strength, when you are well. What you want is quickness. I can give you that in three or four months. Bellario will never make what I call a perfect fencer. He plays his point too wildly. To cure him, you must learn the stop-thrust. That done, you can laugh at him. 'And will you do this?" asked the stranger,

I will," said 'Cola; "what is your name?"

"Sell the diamond," was the stranger's answer, as he sunk back, exhausted; "my name is Schiavo d'Amore."*

(To be continued—commenced in No. 260.)

Joy descends gently upon us like the evening dew, and does not patter down like a hailstorm.-Richter.

Some men's reputation seems like seedwheat, which thrives best when brought from a distance.—Whately.

How much easier it is to be generous than just! Men are sometimes bountiful who are not honest.—Junius.

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us. - Madame Swetchine.

* The Slave of Love. Italian,

"REFLECTIONS."

BY "CRAPE MYRTLE."

My soul is stirred by some commotion
As memory turns with small emotion
To the past.
To see the thousand petty sorrows,
Youth without compunction borrows,
Dead at last.

Poor human heart! how oft thou'd languish Whilst the soul grew dark with anguish, O'er a trifle! For some wish perchance ungranted, Or a vision disenchanted; Such is life.

Idle dreams, ambitious luster,
In life's web and woof doth cluster,
But to cheat.
Golden fancies none too humble,
Young minds rear doth often crumble
At the feet.

The fondest ties I've had to sever,
And seen hope's glories fade forever
From my sight.
And watched the wine-fed purple dawning,
Of ambition's lustrous morning
Fade to night.

Yet my soul is not encumbered By the ghost of memories numbered With the dead. As lightning through the storm-cloud flashes, Rays from out their scattered ashes; Spring instead.

And the be con peace is burning, In that old resistless yearning, For life's dross. And thus I know the hand ne'er closes Over soft and thornless roses In life's cross.

False Faces:

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME. A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XXII.

A PRESENTIMENT OF DANGER.

KATE VEHSLAGE came into the room, with ner basket of previsions on her arm, for she vas the caterer for the small family in the

Etta, who had just spread a snowy white cloth over the table, preparatory to the even-ing meal, knew by the sound of the closing loor that something was the matter with Kate, nd so she turned around to look at her.

Kate's face was flushed, and her sharp, black yes were glistening angrily. "Well, what has put you in a pet now?"

asked Etta, composedly. These ebullitions of temper on the part of

Kate never discomposed her. She was too much accustomed to the outbreaks of that vivacious young female. "The contemptible sneak!" cried Kate, put-ting her basket down, with a thump, on the

side-table. "I've seen him again!" "He-who?" "That man with the false face; don't you

remember the night I was going for the medi-cine for Mr. Shaw?" She sunk her voice suddenly here, and glanced at the door of com-munication between the apartments. "Is he in there?" she added, in a hoarse whisper.

"No; he went out, and has not yet returned. How about this man? Where did you meet

"Right here, at the door.

"Our door?" "No; the street door. I was coming home with the things for tea, and there he stood at the door, with a smirk on his face, a face just like a terrier dog's. 'I believe you are Miss Vehslage?' says he. 'That's my name,' says I, never letting on that I remembered him, 'and | heart had fully determined the relationship be-The stranger suddenly rose up to his full lam not ashamed of it.' 'Couldn't I sell you tween them. But Kale's curiosity was greathight before them. He was of vast frame, and a sewing machine,' says he, 'on the easiest ly exercised by the mention of the other friend were both of a dull, dusty gray.

"See here," he said; "you see this ring. It is all I have in the world now. It is a diaself." 'How did you know there was a Miss Ward here? says I. 'Lord! you need not get thousand crowns. I will give you that if you huffy about it,' says he, showing his teeth, and will cure me, and teach me how to handle the sword so as to beat you, 'Cola Bottarma." grinning like a pleased monkey. 'There's no secret about it, is there, that you and Miss Ward-Miss Henrietta Ward-are living toether, and doing sewing for your living? How do you know that? says I, snapping him 'Why the butcher says so, that's style up again. all,' says he; 'I hope there's no offense in my mentioning it. Come, try one of my machines. I'll send you one around this evening, if you say so.' Then I told him it was none of his business if Miss Henrietta Ward was living with me; that we didn't want and activity. The best pupil I ever had was a sewing machine any way, and that we would Don Lorenzo Bellario. He could beat all the not buy one of him if we did, and left him a sewing machine any way, and that we would standing there and came up stairs."

"You did not say anything to him about Mr. Shaw?" inquired Etta, anxiously.

"Oh, no; you told me never to mention his name to anybody, and I don't."

"That's right. "What do you suppose this chap wanted?" "He wanted to sell you a sewing machine,

"Yes, of course; but I think that was all

fudge! Fudge ?" "Yes; that was only a pretext to hide his

Etta looked surprised. "Game?" she repeated. "Do you think this man had any design against us?" "Yes, that's exactly what I do think!" replied Kate, emphatically.

"But what possible design could this man have against us?" asked Etta. "I don't know; but I do know that he is up to something. He's not sneaking round here for nothing.

"Are you positive that he was the same man from whose face you pulled the mask that night?"

you I should know his face if I ever saw it again."

"It must have made a strong impression,

upon you," cried Etta, laughingly. 'It did: he was so awful homely. what do you suppose he is poking round here But that's just like her! She never thinks of

"I am sure I can not sav." "No good, I'll bet."

"Perhaps not; and yet I cannot see what ossible harm he can do us. Do you?"

come up here I'll take the poker or the broom street—a cosy little house, with a nice large nothing strange in that. Your face fetches the Central Park, so that one can take a pleas- Now I am prepared to meet a snare at every you.

the owl-like gravity with which Kate pronounced these words. The question appeared to surprise Kate some-

ticular as you are. It's no use for him to come around here, and he'll soon find it out."
"I do not think he will trouble us after

what you said to him," rejoined Etta.
"If he's got any sense he won't. But some men are such awful fools, particularly when

they are in love, you can never tell what they will do! Would you say anything to Mr. Shaw about this?" "No; why should we? I do not consider the matter of sufficient consequence.

"Well, you know best. Now I'll help you get the supper ready for him."

Peter Shaw soon arrived. He was in very good spirits. He had just come from his office where he had held a consultation with Frank Ray, the detective, who had been introduced

to him by Chester Starke. He had been much pleased with the detective. He liked his looks, and his manner of expressing himself. He thought him a stout young fellow, with a keen wit, and great energy of action. A man who might be depend-

ed upon in the most trying emergency.

He looked upon him as a valuable aid in his design against the False Faces; and then there was Chester Starke, equally strong in limb and just as reliable, and shrewd Ossian Plummer, the best friend he had ever had.

The destruction of Edgar Skelmersdale and his villainous associates seemed inevitable. Peter Shaw rubbed his hands pleasantly together as he sat at the supper-table, and Kate

passed him his cup of tea. "Ah! what a comfort it is to see two young and smiling faces about one!" he cried, never considering that their smiles were but the reflection of his own, for they found his geniality infectious. "Well, dear girls, we shall soon eave this house for more comfortable quarers. I don't know why I should say that either, for I have really enjoyed an astonishing degree of comfort here. What I mean to say is, that we shall leave it for a more respectable and cleaner neighborhood. My friend

Ossian lassecured a house for us."
"Ossian!" exclaimed Kate. "That's a queer

Peter Shaw chuckled pleasantly. "Yes, and it's a queer man that bears it," he replied. "He's an old friend of mine, and a tried and trusted one. You'll soon see him, and I want you to like him for my sake."

"We may like him for his own," returned ate. "Is he young and good-looking."
"Neither. He's of middle age and very Kate.

"Oh!" ejaculated Kate, disappointedly. "I thought I should get up a match between ou and him," continued Peter Shaw, his eyes twinkling mischievously

Kate snuffed the air disdainfully "Thank you," she rejoined; "but I may not like his style."

"He's very rich," said Shaw, artfully.
"Hum!" cried Kate, with quite a change of

"I should like to see Mr. Ossian." "Ossian Plummer-Ossian is his first name. Peter Shaw stirred the contents of his tea-cup and glanced at Etta's placid face. He was brimful of his fun that evening. "And then brimful of his fun that evening. "And then there's my other friend, and partner, I've picked him out for Etta," he continued.
"For me?" asked Etta, opening her large

blue eyes widely in surprise.
"Oho!" exclaimed Kate. "He's going to fix us both! Why, he's just like a father to us." Peter Shaw smiled benignantly.

"That's just what I intend to be," he anwered. "You'll never know the want of a swered. father while I live." Etta returned his smile affectionately. Her

"What's he like?" she cried, in her vivacious "Is he middle-aged, too, and homemanner. 7, and rich, and what's his name?"

Peter Shaw laughed at this string of ques-

"How curious you are!" he rejoined. 'Not a bit! only I'd like to know.' "You shall. His name is Chester Starke; he's from Vermont, as tall and as straight as a pine tree, and young and good-looking

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Kate. "Why didn't you pick him out for me? He's just my "I thought he was better suited for Etta You are dark complexioned and so is he. Two darks don't go well together, don't you

see? It doesn't answer to have a husband and wife look too much alike." "Oh! doesn't it?" responded Kate, dubious-

"Is he rich?" she added, suddenly.

"Then he can't have Etta-that's settled. No one but a rich man can marry her. That face of hers is worth something.

"Oh! you've settled that between you, have Etta smiled, and answered:

"No, she has settled it for me. That's Kate's great idea, that my face is to make my fortune. "And so it will," returned Peter Shaw

'though not perhaps in the way that she imagines. However, that would not have been any very strong objection against Chester Starke, as he will undoubtedly be a rich man in the course of a few years. His interest in the business will make him so."

"And what will it make you?" asked Kate, slyly.
"Well, I shall have enough to live on comfortably.

"I should say so. I only wish I had the quarter of it." 'Take Ossian Plummer then," he suggested, roguishly. "He's worth more than a quar-

"Oh! let her have the other one," cried ght?"

Etta, entering more into the spirit of the jest than Kate did. "At all events, give him the chance to choose between us 'That's fair," said Peter Shaw,

Kate tossed her head. "Oh, is it?" she exclaimed. "What kind of a chance would I stand alongside of her? herself. She'd let anybody crowd her one

side sooner than make any fuss about it."

"Ah, yes, I have known such a disposition power once. before," answered Peter Shaw, and there was a plaintive cadence in his voice. "Well, well, Kate deliberated over this question for a as Etta says, let Chester Starke decide for himself. You will soon see him. Ossian has "Well, no," she replied. "If he dares to rented a furnished cottage for me on Eightieth

these fellows every time. Not that he's par- ant stroll there of an afternoon. It is quiet turn, and cannot be taken unawares.' ticularly young—somewhere near forty I and secluded there, and we shall not be disshould think. But there's no chance for him." turbed I think. There will not be any one I and secluded there, and we shall not be dis-"Do you think so?" asked Etta, smiling at left in the city to trouble us if my plans only they will." He leaned back in his chair and rubbed his hands together pleasantly. "We shall all be gathered together under one roof-"Of course not!" she answered. "Why, I | tree then," he continued, "and you young peowouldn't take him myself, and I'm not so par- ple will have an opportunity to get acquaint-

"Won't that be nice?" exclaimed Kate

"Yes; I think we shall all be very happy there," said Etta. "When shall we go?" "In two or three days," answer d Peter Shaw. "I cannot fix the time exactly now. There is something that I wish to do Matters are in good train and the affair will be speedily settled, I hope. You can content yourselves here for a few days longer?"

"I should say so," replied Kate, "considering how long we have lived here. But I shall not be sorry to leave this house, shall you, Etta?"

"Indeed I shall not; but I will do whatever Mr. Shaw thinks to be best.'

"Of course; so will I." Peter Shaw smiled.

"What docile young ladies you are," he said. "You p'ace great trust in me, and yet I am almost a stranger to you." "It seems as if I had known you for a long time," answered Etta.

"So it does to me!" followed Kate.

Peter Shaw smiled again, saying:
"Well, girls, your trust in me will meet with a rich reward; you'll never be sorry for it." "I am sure we shall not," responded Etta, earnestly.

A strong longing arose in Peter Shaw's heart to clasp her in a fond embrace, and own her then and ther, but he restrained that feeling. He was too old in the world's experience not to know that the course of human events can never be forecast, that the best laid plans often prove futile, and that a simple accident will often mar the most skillfully contrived

"No. no." he told himself. "I will wait. Her life is too precious to me to be subjected to the slightest risk. Let me clear these villains from my path, and then I can dispense

with all concealment.' Having drank his tea, Peter Shaw pushed his chair back from the table, and arose to his

"I am going into my room to read the evening paper," he said. "Then I am going out, and I shall not return much before midnight, o you had better not sit up for me. I shall ake the key of my door with me, so as not to listurb you.

"Is it safe?" asked Etta, earnestly. "Oh, yes; don't be under any alarm. shall be with two friends, who are to meet me by appointment. I shall be perfectly safe, and so will you, for I shall have this house watch-

ed during my absence." The fact was that, trusting to his disguise, he had resolved to aid Chester Starke and the detective in their search that night for the ouse that contained the council chamber of the False Faces.

Their design was to watch the entire block from corner to corner and observe if any o the parties they suspected entered either house in the row.

On leaving the house Peter Shaw walked to the Bowery and took passage on a horse-car to Eightieth street. Ossian Plummer was already domiciled there, and he had thought it best to go for Chester and pass an hour or so there, as they did not purpose commencing their watch until about ten o'clock at Frank Ray, the detective, was to be left to

his own discretion, and they were to meet him in front of the row of tenement-houses during He found Chester and Ossian in the cosy front basement reading, while they awaited

his coming.
"This is nice," he said, glancing around the well-furnished apartment. "This selection does credit to your taste, Ossian. The girls will be delighted when I bring them here.

"I wish they were here now," rejoined Ossian. "Oho! you are anxious to see the lively Kate, are you?" he cried. "Are you equally anxious, Chester?" he added, turning to him. "I think the young ladies would be a great

addition to our society here," answered Chester. "It isn't because I am anxious to see Kate," said Ossian, with a grim smile. "She'll never worry my peace o' mind. It's your daughter

anxious about-" "I hope you are not going to set your heart on her, Ossian?" interrupted Shaw, rougishly. · "Don't be a fool, Peter! I aint a-going to set my heart on any woman-it don't run in my way. I'm thinking you ought to have brought your daughter, and the other girl, up with you this evening. The house is all ready for them. Why not bring them now-this

evening, as well as any other time?" Because I wish to destroy this infamous band of villains first. It's handy for me to be there, and I find it handy to have them there

just at present. "Perhaps it is," replied Ossian, slowly; "yet still I've got a feeling as if something was going wrong.

'A presentiment of evil?"
'Yes; I s'pose that's what you call it. I've no book learning to make my meaning plain; but it 'pears to me that something's going to

Peter Shaw grew thoughtful as Ossian thus expressed his misgivings.
"But what can happ m?" he asked.

"I don't know; but I've got that feeling, and I can't shake it off." "My precautions are thorough," continued Mr. Shaw. "I have always worn my disguise whenever I went into the street. carefully watched to see if I was followed, but love nothing has aroused my suspicion. I go constantly armed, and always on the alert for danger, and I do not think it possible that I can be taken by surprise. The girl's existence, or residence, cannot be known to the scoundrels, and they think me dead—and will think so until I have them securely bound in the meshes of the law. Really, I do not see on what side peril can reach us.

"Nor can I," said Chester Starke.

Ossian shook his head gravely. "The worst of these perils are that you never do know where they are coming from until you're struck," he responded. "Rememuntil you're struck," he responded. ber how these villains trapped you into their

"I do; and I'm not likely to forget it in a 'You may not be so fortunate as to escape

"True; but you must also remember that I was unconscious of danger that time, and to him. It may be that he had seen you in the street and is smitten. There would be grape-vine. Then it is only a short walk from as one stumbles into a pitfall in the darkness. walked blindly into the trap prepared for me,

They conversed in this manner for some time, and Ossian's presentiment of evil was left in the city to trouble us if my plans only work right; and I think they will—I think assurances. Chester Starke took little share in the discussion, but what little he did say showed that he was entirely of Peter Shaw's

way of thinking.

At length Shaw announced that he considered it a proper time to depart down town on their expedition.

To his surprise Ossian expressed his intention of accompanying them; but Shaw made no

"Are you armed?" he inquired, as he examined his revolver, and Chester Starke performed a similar operation. "No, I don't want no pistol," replied Ossian. Peter Shaw shook his head dissentingly.

"You ought to have a revolver, Ossian," he said. "I told you to get one, same as Chester. Why didn't you?"

"What would be the use of it to me," answered Ossian, with his grim smile. 'I never fired a pistol in my life; and if I had one I should be sure to miss the man I fired at, and hit somebody else, perhaps you, or Chester."
"That would be awkward!" cried Chester,

aughingly. 'I'm not a child to play with edged tools,"

continued Ossian. Peter Shaw appeared to be impressed with these words.

"I guess you are right, Ossian," he answered—"as you generally are. If you don't know how to use a pistol it might in your hands be more dangerous to friend than foe, But you might take along that stout walkingcane of mine; it would serve for a club at a pinch.

"Yes, I might make some use of that," replied Ossian. So the cane was brought into requisition, and the three left the house, Ossian carefully lock-

ing the door after them, and putting the key in his pocket.
"The coler d servant has gone to bed—she sleeps in the little room over the kitchen at the back of the house," he said. "And as it may be late before Chester and I get back, I'll

take the key, so we can let ourselves in without disturbing her."

"Very good. It will be late," rejoined
Peter Shaw. A bell began to toll. "There's
the nine o'clock bell; it will take us three-

quarters of an hour, or more, to get down o Broome street. Come along. They passed through the little garden to the idewalk, Ossian being last, and pausing to see that the gate was properly secured afterthem. Nothing could disturb his methodical habits.

They walked swiftly toward Third avenue

nailed the first down car, and went on to their They got out on the Bowery at the corner

As they reached the sidewalk, a man joined them—a man dressed like a laborer, with an ld, slouchy, felt hat on his head.

'All right—here you are!" he said.



NOT SNARED.

The rose of your cheek is precious, Your eyes are warmer than wine; You catch men's souls in the meshes Of curls that ripple and shine— But, ah! not mine.

Your lips are a sweet persuasion; Your bosom a sleeping sea; Your voice, with its fond evasion. Is a charm and a call to me; But I am free! As the white moon lifts the waters, You lift the passions, and lead; As a chieftainess proud with slaughters, You smile on the hearts that bleed; I see and heed.

The Letter-Box. JOSEPH READ (Lexington, Ky.,) writes:
"I recently received a note from a young lady acuaintance, commenced. "My dear Mr. Read,"
hough the note itself was of trifling importance,
fight I not place a favorable construction upon her
tyle of address? Did it not imply more than orinary friendship?"

ary friendship?"
We hardly think you can attach much importance it, unless the young lady is, usually, peculiarly mal. Many ladies on quite intimate terms with entleman would be apt to use such a style of ads, although ft is not strictly proper. It is much ter taste for an unmarried lady, writing to an narried gentleman, to address him as "Sir;" at most, "Dear sir." You must judge by your wledge of your friend's disposition and ordinary and for the rules of etiquette, whether she adssed you in that manner to purposely imply an sual amount of regard for you.

TLORA (New Haven.)
Your correspondence with the gentleman when you were "but a child of thirteen," and with your 'parents' consent," was of course all right. But not even the fact of your "firm friendship in those lays," nor your "appreciation of the benefits you therived from the correspondence," nor your "overnan who may have entirely forgotten you would not be in good taste.

man who may have entirely forgotten you would not be in good taste.

S. E. B. (Providence, R. I.) writes:

"I have a gentleman friend of whom I think a great deal, having known him from childhood, and he is very desirous to marry me. I do not love him well enough to be his wife, and have told him so again and again. He says that I do not like him because he is poor, which is not the truth, as he has a very lucrative profession. And then he says I do not consider him a fitting match for me; also untrue, as he is pleasant, intelligent and upright. My only reason is that I know I feel for him only friendship; and when I tell him this he says that I ought to marry, and there is not the slightest doubt about my learning to love him. It is now three years since he first asked me to be his wife, and he will not take 'no' for an answer; what shall I do?''

Are you sure that you do not love him? Do you love any one else? Are you willing to give up his society entirely? If you can answer these questions straightforwardly and satisfactorily to yourself, and are positive you entertain for him the merest friendship, and never shall give him any answer but "no," forbid him your company entirely until you are sure he is convinced of the hopelessness of his suit.

Mrs. Annie Jonston (Baltimore, Md.)

ness of his suit.

Mrs. Annie Jonston (Baltimore, Md.)

It would be a very appropriate way indeed to "show your sympathy for your friends and your appreciation of their favors to you" to send them a handsome decoration for their daughter's grave, upon the anniversary of her death, if you are sure that they have adopted the custom, now general, of decorating the graves of their friends annually. One lovely, but comparatively inexpensive design, recently used for that purpose, was a calla lily filed with heliotrope and laid in a bed of rose geranium. Calls of condolence should be rather brief than otherwise.

Kittle writes:

"Do you think it seriously out of the way for a young lady to filtr with a gentleman when she knows all about him, and has friends who are acquainted with him?"

A young lady who wishes to retain her self-respect, and that of her acquaintances. If you are very anxious to make the gentleman's acquaintance do it in a legitimate and ladylike way, by getting some of your mutual acquaintances to introduce you.

-E-- The Bandrows Townshall -E---

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1875.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the Unit States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

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ber. [37] All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 93 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

"THE announcement of the republication of OVERLAND KIT was received by me and all my friends with great joy. I'd rather, any day, read the announcement of such a story than find a \$5 bill. This is saying a great deal in these hard times, but I mean ev ery word. You must know that I was one of those unfortunate fellows who failed to read this great story upon its first appearance, and like thousands of others. I am importunate now to read it."-Extract from letter from Fred. F. S., St. Louis.

In deference to pressing-almost importunate-demands from all sections of the country, we consent to the reissue of this now

NOTABLE ROMANCE!

and shall give, in the next issue, the opening chapters of

Overland Kit.

AN IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

The first of the series of romances in which Dick Talbot is the hero, OVERLAND KIT ran through the paper before the public was fully aware of its remarkable character, and as the others followed, viz.: "Rocky Mountain Rob," "Kentuck, the Sport," and "Injun Dick," the public interest in the stories increased to such an extent that it was impossible to answer the demands for the initial story, and from that date the call for it has been incessant. We admit the claim which new readers especially have; and knowing also that old readers will reperuse the splendid production with delight, we now cheerfully give place to what, we are safe in saving, is

A STORY WITHOUT A RIVAL

in interest of narrative, in originality and keen conception of character, in pathos, power and exciting nature of plot, situations and acts.

Its locale is the White Pine mining region, in which are "Gopher's Gulch," "Spur City," "Paddy's Flat"—towns or settlements where are gathered some of the

STRANGEST CHARACTERS THE WORLD EVER SAW.

What Bret Harte has given in sketches is here drawn out in full life detail, in portraitures which Harte himself might be proud to own; and the series will long stand as the best Novels of California Life which our literature

The Arm-Chair.

WE do not usually object to "confidences where our advice can be of good service. The fact that we are strangers, personally, to the correspondent, renders the task not a difficult one, and plain speaking is a conceded right, of which the editor avails himself to give wholesome suggestions.

But there are certain kinds of queries propounded, and certain instructions solicited, of that delicate nature which no stranger has a right to pronounce upon. Where, for instance, there is a disagreement between parent and child, correct advice by a third party, is impossible, since all the circumstances cannot be understood and considered.

Or again, where there is a "lover's quarsisive advice is both delicate and difficult. While the editor aims to be both just and nice, he may greatly misapprehend the and give advice which, were he more conversant with the parties, he would not have expressed.

In these and other instances, where the query involves acts and steps that concern others beside the querist, in a serious manner, we prefer not to be "interviewed;" but in al cases where advice can be of real service and needed information can be imparted, or suggestions given, which will be of value to our readers or correspondents, we very cheer fully respond to their requests.

Sunshine Papers.

Savoring of the Rostrum.

I HAVE never deluded myself into the belief that I was born to grace the rostrum. In these days, most women who aim to lead a define usefulness as synonymous with publicity, and rush to the stage, the platform, or the pulpit to do their work. know I am branding myself as unfashionable when I announce my utter unacquaintance with those much enduring, much abused places

And, alas! unfashionable must I remain Not the shadowest ghost of intention have] of allowing "my calling" to lead me into a sphere that necessitates wearing of short hair dragging heavy trails across elevated boards looking at myself hung on barber's shop-doors, and tumbling about in saloon windows; seeing my name glaring on board-fences—with S. T. 1860 X finishing it like a title upon one side, a guanaco umbrella for a handle to it on the other- nd a negro minstrel troupe performing clog dances over me.

Yes, I am sure speech-making is not my lling. Do not I talk? Of course I do, Mr. calling. Inquisitive! Would I be a woman if I did not? But I refer to these public performances that one inveigles one's innocent fellow-creatures into paying to come and hear; and for which if one's friends refuse to be so taken in, one has to pay small boys to distribute tickets about the highways. And yet, occasionally, I do exceedingly wish to deliver a lecture; and, And yet, occasionally, at this present, I am undeniably in a lecturing

There! I thought my fair sisters would be

them I wish for an audience. And our brave "lords of creation," of course they will not flinch. They will hear me out; and it is to them that—from the quiet and obscurity of a pleasant home-nook, instead of the gas-lighted glare of the public—I would talk. To them I have a message to deliver; a message straight from the heart, even though it savor a little of the rostrum.

There is a certain two-legged animal, with feathers, renowned the world through as em-blematical of vanity. And yet it is inexplic-able why that poor bird should have come to be so scorned, should be considered so much more vain than another "two-legged animal without feathers, with broad, flat nails,"-Plato's definition of man. For, there is no denying it, man is supremely vain, conceited, egotistical, and fond, also, of praise, and power, and plaudits. Yet are not these traits, most essentially human, to be lightly esteemed, since they are man's great incentives to win bounteous and spontaneous bestowal of commendation from his fellow-men, by seeking to do well his life's work. Then is it not marvel ous-since most men are ambitious, and love to quaff from the glowing cup of life, the satisfying consciousness of having done their best, and that that best was very well indeed, constraining admiration—that they will so often blacken their own fair reputations by putting an "enemy in their mouths to steal away their

In most people there is a large element of hero-worship; and there are few natures so wholly gross, so entirely warped toward evil, and steeped in selfishness, as not to be incapa ble of admiration for grandeur and goodness Art nor nature give us nothing so worthy o admiration as humanity. Life-a thing of will and passion-nobly lived, appeals always to human hearts, inspiring them with honora ble enthusiasm, and upward aspirations. Noth ing so kindles the blood as records of glorious deeds. And, in daily and hourly contact with our fellow-creatures, we almost unconsciously but nevertheless fully and freely, give sympa thy and admiration wherever w ness of purpose, ambition to attain, and

desire to do well. What, then, so sad as to see him whom we would fain honor, and admire, and help upward with instinctive sympathy, from whose career we have hoped much, and watched with enthusiasm—wrecking all his fair, bright prospects and reaping only scorn where he should

laurels? Have you ever helped to make an audience that awaited the appearance of a city's hero, a public favorite, one that the people have crowned with their love, spurred on with their plaudits, held high with generous sympathy honored in the sight of greater ones of his profession to show their proud enthusiasm in his career? Have you heard the murmurous outburst of greeting as he comes upon the stage that he has been wont to make a center of interest by his practiced grace, his artistic inter pretations, his enthusiastic execution? Have you felt swift flashes of doubt, surprise, sus picion, the gall of suspense, the horror of sure ty, as the knowledge forces itself that his apbearance is a foul stain upon the career that he might make so brilliant, an insult to the peo ple's pride and love—that he is but an agent of the accursed fiend, alcohol? Could you help your heart sickening with disappointment, your pulses throbbing nervously, your blood tingling with mingled compassion and scorn, a you witness his efforts to be quite himself, his failures, his evident torturing knowledge of his own disgrace and inability to conceal it his confused breaks, his fierce looks at any murmur of disapproval? Was there not a sense of bitter shame that one who had won could win, honor, could so discrown him

Have you smiled upon a friend starting on as fair a life-voyage as ever brightened a youth's future? Have you bade "God speed" to his firm step, and felt your heart throb high in unison with the joyous beating of his? Have you felt that Honor was his watchword, Fame nis goal, and that he had a spirit to do or die: that only warm friends were about his path way, bright suns over him, the incense of sym pathy and praise in all the air he breathed And have you seen him with storms darkening his skies, his powers sinking into inactivity, the promises of his early manhood turning to ash es. his passions becoming his masters, his every pure instinct and high aspiration chilling drowning in a mad whirlpool of dissipation Were it not less bitter to see the friend die in youth, than degraded, to less than man, in

ater years? Have you listened with stilled heart and pated breath, to words of eloquence that had all the passion of fire's red heat in them, as they fell burning from the lips of as promising an orator as ever held spell-bound a vast con course of people? Have you heard in a few short months of his life seared by the flames of leadly spirits that he knew was his curse, and nobly battled with, until one fatal moment when his lips tasted them again, and tasted to find them but a short, mad draught of death? For the glorious life suddenly, blackly quench ed, had you not a shudder of divine pity?

And the curse—is it upon you? In the future that holds such white blooms of attain ments if you but toil to gather them, is there also the shadow of disgrace, despair, death Oh! think how glorious a thing is life, and whether you care to live it well, before you toy with what has ended so many grand careers in infamy!

"Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!"

A Parson's Daughter.

ENJOYED TROUBLES.

HAVE you never heard of persons saying, "What troubles I do enjoy," and "What poor health I enjoy"? I used to think they had made a mistake in the word "enjoy," and 'endure," but I have disabused myself of such a foolish notion. Some people do really enjoy their troubles—they hug them closely to their hearts—they would hate to be deprived of them, for then they would have nothing to talk about or comment upon They seem to take an intense delight in button-holing their neighbors and pouring into their ears all the sorrows, troubles and afflictions which have visited them from the day of their birth up to the present time. If they could stop there, we might hope for patience but they cannot stop at that point. You wonder what more they can have to tell. Bless your unsophisticated hearts, haven't they kept in reserve all the troubles they expect to have in the future? I could tell them one thing: if they do enjoy their grievances, I desire that they enjoy them in solitude, but please don't afflict me with a recital of them. read of too much misery through the medium of the press, and such food is not very pala-

No one can feel more for the sufferings of her fellow-beings than Eve, but she doesn't the camphor-bottle at night.

frightened. Never mind. For once it is not think it right to burden others with one's woes when they cannot be remedied by so doing.

These individuals who enjoy their troubles

are too apt to visit their really suffering neighbors, ostensibly for the purpose of cheering them up. The cheering-up process is rather a doleful one, something after the following pattern: "Bless me, Mrs. Jones, how ill you are looking, to be sure! Worrying yourself out, no doubt, thinking where your son spends so much of his time. I have heard folks say he plays billiards a great deal. don't know as billiards themselves do so much harm, because I have heard that ministers play them, but the surroundings are what bring the harm. Drinking saloons are in close proximity to billiard-rooms, and everybody knows what temptation strong drink is to a young man. I suppose you do hope that your son won't be brought home on a shutter like Mrs. Thomas' boy was. He had the delirium tremens and died in one of his drunken fits. I hope the case wen't turn out so bad with your son. But there's never any knowing what may happen. Sorrows come when we least expect them. It is always best to prepared, for we must all have some troubles to enjoy. It does sometimes seem to me I have more troubles than I can possibly enjoy. The only way I get along at all is to forget my own and think of others. Yes, I am not so callous-hearted but what I can go and cheer up an afflicted neighbor."

How cheering such beings are! How comforting are their suggestions! Doesn't one feel braver to battle with the world's troubles after listening to such enlivening talk?

Sympathy for one's sufferings is an entirely different thing from endeavoring to make them more burdensome to bear. I wouldn't go into a sick-room and sing, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound." I don't believe in such medicine, for it has never saved one in dividual from the grave; it has most likely sent more there. A sick person wants to be enlivened, and not depressed. He wants to forget his sufferings, and not be reminded of them. If he cannot live, and is aware of the fact, isn't it better to picture to his mind the beauties of a heaven where everything is pure, oright and sunny, than talk of the grave as a dark, dismal home, and the river of death a dreary one to cross? Will not our loved ones love us the more? Will the thoughts of part-

ing be so keen?
You think sick people ought to be made aware how ill they are? Don't they know it themselves, and if not, is it going to make them any better by the knowledge?

You talk a person into misery by commenting on all the dire calamaties you can think of, and then you wonder why people are sick It is much the same as though you gave a person a dose of arsenic, and then wondered what caused his death. This *enjoying* your troubles so much is a sort of poison, and I wonder the regular physicians haven't told you this be

It strikes me it is hard enough to be sick without burdening others with one's com-plaints, but perhaps it is easier to preach than to practice, and my opinion may go for naught. All I have to say is, if, when I am sick, you want to come and cheer me up, do so; but if you come with doleful looks and prate about the "troubles you do enjoy," then I am asleep and snoring, and don't wish to be EVE LAWLESS. disturbed.

Foolscap Papers.

On Skates.

I HAD often gazed in admiration upon those who go down to the river on the ice and perform wonders on the great deeps. I saw hov very easy it was to skate. "All you have to do is to strike out with one foot this way, and with the other foot that way, and you go right along just as if the ice was greased.

Thus thought I, and then went and bought a pair of skates, which I fastened myself to, though all my corns and bunions violently opposed the performance.

Then I rose, but that rose didn't amount to anything; the skates attached to my feet slipped out from under me, as I had forgotten to rosin them. (Why do they make skates so slick?) I defy any man to maintain his equilibrium with both feet in the atmosphere. went down to fast music to rest myself. sat down to rest and study the planetary sys tem. I had a fine view of the transit of Ve nus; the Aurora Borealis; the next comet; the five moons of Jupiter; the ring of Saturn; the eclipse of the sun, and my grandmother.

I sat there a long time, contemplating the star in the ice that marked my fall. It was so beautiful, with the prismatic colors of the rainbow radiating from a common center. I really never saw anything half so fine. I was

Some foolish young folks laughed at me, but what souls had they for the beautiful in nature? They didn't seem to understand the nature of the case at all. I enjoyed it. What matter if I did think my backbone was shoved up into my neck? Science is always pursued under difficulties

I then got up like the celebrated lame Limbnian. Some people might have objected to my get up, but it was the best get up I had and then I found that the ice was a little too smooth. I don't like ice too slick. started out in one direction, and the other in another. My legs not being long enough to allow both feet the full bent of their separate minds, I sat down between them to see if I could make another star like the first. I sat down as gently as possible—so gently that the works of my hundred-dollar watch came all to pieces; my neck was shortened an inch and a half; my plug hat slipped down so far over my head that I could see out of the crown, which was removed for the occasion, and I almost regretted that the ice wasn't made of a softer nature, or that I did not provide myself with pillows before I started—but the star, it couldn't be beat. I had a notion to go and

When I got tired of sitting there, I got up All the combined weakness of my body (a

hire myself out as a pile-driver.

large amount) seemed to concentrate into my ankles. They would wabble. I couldn't see why they couldn't make skate-runners three or four inches thick, so a fellow could stand up easily, and rough on the edges, so they uldn't slip so much.

When I was a boy, I used to skate, but I joined the temperance society, and grew out of such vain things. I saw a fellow going by with the rolling

step. That was the step for me, so I started out, and the second step I rolled twenty-five feet. I did it so beautifully that I gained the applause of everybody on the ice. I had every facility for rolling, for there was nothing to hinder me in the least. I rolled into crowd, and they all came down as nicely as a shelf-full of bottles when you are hunting for

Everybody said I could not have done better if I had tried.

When they assured me that that was the way you had to begin to learn to skate, I felt a little better satisfied, and regained confi-

I contemplated the poetry of motion which I saw around me, and resolved to go ahead a foot or two at least, wishing that I had a good stout fence to hold on to. I started out bravely. The easy, gliding motion of the skates is seductive—that is, if you don't let them glide too much. After a few strokes I began to find it was easier to take both feet off the ice than to lift one. There is just where the trouble of gravitation comes in. I don't give Newton any credit for what he did, because he might have discovered something better while he was at it. This time I came down with so much avoirdupoise that my head struck on the ice four times before I stopped bouncing, and then three men had to sit down on me to hold me quiet. I thought I had been fed on cherrybounce for a month, and was seriously threat ened with softening of the brain.

My head rung with all the malignancy of a late breakfast-bell, and the tears came up into my eyes like water through a hole in the ice. Yet I couldn't object to the ice being there so much, for if it hadn't been there. I should have gone into the water and been drowned: and have been totally unfit for any other purpose

except a coroner to sit on. My head was on the ice so much that I began to think I ought to wear my skates on it in-

stead of on my feet. My falls seemed to beat the Niagara Falls all hollow, being, of course, more stupendous and of a finer order.

One friend remarked that he never saw a fellow who had been brought up as well as I

had been brought down so badly Another said if I was trying to learn to fall, he thought I would soon become a master in

the art. Utterly regardless of all the horrors that might have been in store for me, I ordered the skates removed, for I had come to the conclu sion that a man in learning to skate was desperately in need of three or four pairs of good legs, and a very thick head; and vowing that I would never venture on the ice again unless I was padded all over with straw (and then I wouldn't go near it), I went home and to bed

where my address is at present. The doctor thinks he can remodel my shattered frame, or at least mend me up so as to be recognized by my most familiar creditors, if I have patience and money enough.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

SPRING NOVELTIES AND CHANGES.

OUR stores have had their "openings," and we now know what are the new styles of Spring costumes and the favorite goods for the sea-We may therefore report that the latest color in fashion is white, which is simple and becoming to all. White is suitable for the elegant as well as the plainest toilets, and is as becoming with field-flowers as with diamonds: and as appropriate to blondes as to brunettes.

The system of Bulgare plaits is used for early all full-dress toilets. We term it "sysnearly all full-dress toilets. tem" because the Bulgare plait is subject to so many different forms, that very often there is nothing left of it but the original idea, which was to attract attention to the middle of the skirt behind. Sometimes this famous plait is of a different material to the remainder of the dress, and forms the train; sometimes it is plain, sometimes and oftentimes shirred; occasionally it is made projecting, and occasion-

ally again in hollow plaits. A beautiful reception dress is made of black faille cut in Princess form in front; at the back the waist is independent of the skirt. The middle of the back is of scarlet faille; it is plaited, and all the way down the neck to the end of the basque are black ribbon bows; the sides of the waist are of black faille; all these are joined and form a basque of medium length. The sleeves are of black faille as far down as the elbow, where there is a puffing of scarlet faille; the bottom is in the form of a gauntlet, and is made of black faille worked with black jet beads. The back of the skirt is made altogether of scarlet faille fastened to the sides of the Princess dress by three scarfs of black ribbon joined together under black ribbon loops and ends. The bottom of the train is of black faille, worked with jet heads. the upper part is cut out in large points; these lapping over the scarlet faille have a very pretty effect. Ruchings of crepe lisse are on

the neck and sleeves. A visiting dress may be made with an un derskirt of black faille, perfectly plain at the back, and having in front as far as the apron small flounces placed in the rounded apron The apron is in black sicilienne, with form. lengthwise bands of galloon, worked with jet beads placed short distances apart; it is surrounded with a corresponding fringe; at back of this apron is a sash with fringed ends. The black sicilienne waist has also lengthwise beaded bands of galloon, and is bordered with beaded fringe. It has a black velvet standing-collar at the back, which forms a re vers in front, under which is a square piece of black faille. The sleeves are of black faille with bias shirrings, and are finished at the wrist with a double cuff, on the outside of which there are loops and ends. The waist and apron of this toilet can also be made of beaded lace, placed over a lining of black silk.

A half mourning reception dress can be made of black and white faille, and trimmed with Chantilly lace, and white faille ribbon. long train skirt is mounted in a Bulgare plait; the middle of this is trimmed with bows of white faille ribbon, grouped in a shell-shaped trimming of Chantilly lace. The apron is white faille, and is draped in groups of three small plaits; it is bordered by a shirred flounce with ruched heading. A wide piece of Chantilly lace forms a flat, shell-shaped trimming at the side of the apron; this trimming is fastened down by bunches of white pinks, with black beaded leaves. Two pieces of white lace (Malines) placed head to head on the black faille trim the other side of the apron; a garland of white pinks and beaded leaves runs through the middle of the lace. The corsage is in the Louis XV. form, and made of black faille, with long points behind, and lacing at the back. The front of the corsage is of white faille; two pieces of lace slightly fulled together are taen up en the corsage, to form a collar in the The sleeves short, and made of white neck. faille trimmed with white and black lace; a bouquet of white pinks, with beaded, black leaves are placed at the angle of the waist.

These, of course, are the dresses of "our first circles"—expensive and not to be copied by people of small means, yet people of small means like to know what is the style even though they may not be able to adopt it, so we give the notes as a matter of interest rather than as items for practical use. Such items we will submit in a future number.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.— Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first apon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early at-tention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special

We have to decline "How Pete Was Sold; ken Lives;" "Boy Heroes;" "Alice Hinckley;"
"Too Late;" "A Lock of Hair;" "To Mrs. Adaline
Myers;" "The Magic Circle;" "Miss Bouncely's
Little Theft;" "Major Dick's Duel;" "A Race on
Logs;" "Rafting on the Sabine;" "Onochita's
Vow "

These contributions we place on accepted list: "What Frightened Bob Carter;" "Inside-out;" "An After-night Romance;" "The Three Penitents;" "Old Zebra's Exploit."

Brace-up. Sailors' wages are about \$20 per month of coastwise service. JOE JOT, SR. We should say that Joe Jot, Jr., was very much of a married man.

ASHER. Transit of Venus observations are not to e "published," in the popular sense. HOBART TOWN. Clipper ships only run from New York to Australia direct.

RACHEL. Take grease out of the floor by using sal soda in the scrubbing water. OBERON. Masks are of all prices, from ten cents o ten dollars.

BRADLY H. Artificial ice can be manufactured in ny quantity, at a cost of about one cent a pound. I. N. G. The king of the Sandwich Islands is not "nigger," but a native Sandwich-Islander.

PHILIP W. Capt. Mayne Reid's stories for this aper are not published in book form, except the Headless Horseman."

J. R. M. No stamps inclosed for return of MS. We do not care to see the serials indicated. F. S. F. Chas. E. Lasalle is the author of the Dime Novel, "Green Ranger of the Scioto." OLD BULL'S-EYE. "Dashing Dick" is contained in seven numbers—forty-two cents.

Freed, F. S. Can't use MS. It is evidently by an experienced hand. MS. might do for some local aper. Make your first efforts at home, and thus get your hand in."

W. J. B. See directions at head of this column. Where manuscripts are imperfect, as compositions, we do not care to be bothered with them. We have too many perfect manuscripts offered to make it necessary to revise imperfect work in order to make it available.

ETNE P. O. Sick headache usually is caused by disordered stomach; hence its treatment is to corect the cause.—There is no remedy for moldy to-acco. Kiln-drying does not restore its aroma or streagth.

strength.

READER, Racine. To learn "short-hand" writing is a matter of long experience. We know of no school which teaches it, as a specialty.—Our artists do not draw their designs on paper, but upon the wood on which it is to be engraved.

L. W. and Y. E. We already have several times answered your first query.—There are several books in "Composition," but not one of them of any avail to an uneducated person. All presuppose a knowledge of grammar.

Innorance. A name can be changed before ma-ority. Middle names are often changed after. A man is known legally by the name he has used le-gally, and that usually is the name given by the parents at christening, or which they have entered on the birth record.

J. W. Y. Wilted flowers when almost dead can be revived, and will remain fresh for a long time by putting the stems in boiling water.

ALBERT D. Eggs are as nutritious as meat, for one-third of an egg is solid nutriment. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes; make a sandwich of egg and home bread and you will find it very nutritious and wholesome as well as palatable.

MINER. Fifteen per cent of all the gold dug from the gold mines of the United States is manufactured at home, while thirty per cent goes to Europe, twenty per cent to Cuba, fifteen per cent to Brazil, five per cent to China, India and Japan, and the balance cannot be traced, as it remains in the hands of private parties.

CLICK-CLACK. The best trotters so far are not thoroughbreds, but the nearer they are to that strain the better they have done so far. We see no reason why the time may not come when the best trotters will be thoroughbred, able to trot in two minutes. Fifty years have done more than that already, bringing us from 3 minutes down to 2:14½. already, bringing us from 3 minutes down to 2:14½.

ALFRED wants to know what kind of weather is best for fishing? Generally speaking, dark weather. If the water is muddy the fish will bite on a bright day. A bait, gently dropped outside of a dark hole, will generally bring out a lurking fish in a bright day. Warm, cloudy weather makes fish bite anywhere. In rain they are very apt to bite under a bridge or an anchored ship. They seem to hate the rain as much as if it wet them. Why this should be so we know not, but so it is.

so we know not, but so it is.

PENFIELD. Plover and curlew are similar birds. The curlew has a curved bill, the plover a straight one. In looks and habits they are a sort of link between the quail and the snipe, the head and legs and bill being about half-way between the two. The golden plover arrives in the west just after the snipe, keeps out on the prairies, and is very wild and wary, though numerous. The only way to shoot plover is to drive near a flock in a buggy, then suddenly pull up, pick up a hidden gun, and let fly at the flock. On foot you cannot get within shot.

FARMER. Quails and grouse do not injure your

at the flock. On foot you cannot get within shot.

FARMER. Qualls and grouse do not injure your crops. They eat a little grain, but generally only what is scattered in harvesting. They are both mainly insectivorous, and kill enough worms and grasshoppers while the wheat is in the blade to pay for any subsequent damage a thousand-fold. You and all your class, if you had sense to see it, are directly interested in making and keeping strict game laws, to keep the game birds from the extermination that awaits them, if killed during the breeding season. All the sportsmen in America cannot hurt them materially by shooting at full-grown birds, but young birds and nests should be protected for your own benefit.

FARMER'S WIFE. It is said that charcoal will fat-

own benefit.

Farmer's Wife. It is said that charcoal will fatten fowls and at the same time give the meat improved tenderness and flavor. Pulverize and mix with the food. A turkey requires about a gill a

day.

STOREKEEPER. We condense for your benefit the following valuable hints on what you need. You will find them reliable and useful: 1st. A strong solution of sulphate of magnesia (epsom saits) gives a beautiful quality to whitewash. 2d. Glass can be drilled with a tool moistened with dilute sulphuric acid. This last is better than turpentine. 3d. The best way to avoid water pipes freezing and bursting is to have a cock in the cellar, by which the water can be turned off from the entire house. 4th. Paraffin is the best material for protecting polished steel or iron from rust. 5th. Awnings may be made waterproof by plunging first in a solution containing 20 per cent soap, and afterward in another solution containing the same percentage of copper. Wash afterward.

Jake Paintpot. As to the proportion of letters

of copper. Wash afterward.

Jake Paintpot. As to the proportion of letters in signs, and marking, the followingly ou will find an excellent guide: Supposing the hight of the capital letters to be ten, the widths are as follows: B, F, P, ten; A, C, D, E, G, H, K, N, O, Q, R, T, V, X, and Y, eleven; I, five; J, eight; S and L, nine; M and W, seventeen; Z and &, twelve. Numerals: 1 equals five; 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, nine; 4, eleven; 6, 9, 0, ten. Lower case letters (hight six and a half): Width: a, b, d, k, p, q, x and z, seven and a half; c, e, o, s, seven; f, i, j, l, t, three; g, h, n, u, eight; m, thirteen; r, v, y, six; w, ten. v. six; w, ten.

I, i, j, l, t, three; g, h, n, u, eight; m, thirteen; r, v, y, six; w, ten.

VILLA asks: "How can I make a good concrete walk in the country, where skilled help is not available, and it costs too much to sead for everything to the city?" Dig away the earth to the depth of about five inches, then lay a bottom of pebbles, ramming them well down with a paving rammer. Sweep them off as clean as possible with a broom, and cover the surface thinly with hot coal tar. Now put on a coat of smaller gravel (the first bed of pebbles should be as large as goose eggs), previously dipped in hot coal tar, drained, and rolled in coal ashes, with an intermixture of fine gravel, and roll it down as thoroughly as possible. Let the roller run slowly, and let a boy follow it with a hoe to scrape off all adhering gravel. Next put on a coat of fine gravel or sand and coal tar, with some coal ashes, to complete the surface, and roll again as thoroughly as possible; the more rolling the better. It will take some weeks to harden, but makes a splendid hard surface which sheds water like a roof. Do not use too much tar. It is only necessary to use enough to make the ingredients cohere under pressure, and a little is better than too much. Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Cast aside these rusty fetters Which long years have rudely bound me; I can bear their weight no longer, Nor these dismal walls around me.

Give me air, not moldy vapors, If my wrecked life I must sustain; Let not my days be slowly wasted Beneath the power these walls maintain.

How it haunts me, how I startled At the bell's deep midnight tolling Yester night while sleeping, dreamin As the hours so swift were rolling.

Yester night on couch laid lowly, As the night grew stiller, stiller, When it tolled the hour of midnight Seemed to shake each chained pillar.

Seemed to shake each bar of iron Of yonder massive prison door, And a spirit whispered, "Freedom For freedom I had hoped no more

Oh, that word it so enthralled me, And set my sluggish blood on fire, Armed with a thousand weapons From fate's abyss uprose mine ire.

And methought I fought for freedom, Shedding blood of each oppressor; Till at last in realm all beauteous, I of freedom was possessor.

And the glorious sun, I hailed it As erst in childhood's cloudless glee. And each ray a blessing showered Upon my head, for I was—free.

I was free, as mountain streamlets That wind their way and purling fall, Free, as highest soaring eagles, In freedom I rejoiced with all.

In the dust this chain I trampled, Then bidding every link decay, And an amen, whispered softly, Ere I in gladness turned away.

While exultant in my triumph I defied the law's high power, Oh, how painful from the turret Pealed the morn's awakening hour.

And my dream was turned to ashes, Left, was not a gleaming ember; Drear and chill my cell I found it, As are nights in cold December. And I trembling gasped and shuddered At the dread clanking of my chain,

As its rusty tongue spoke hoarsely, Saying, "Dream-born hopes are vain. Was this dream an evil omen, Come thus to taunt me ere I die? Showing me the sweetest freedom, For which no one has pined as I.

If in vain I am imploring,
Still my weak words have had their vent;
If my chains cannot be broken,
I wait a higher power intent.

The Rival Brothers.

THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING. AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XIII. THE END OF THE FETE.

PROFESSOR CLAUDE D'ARVILLE stood lean ing against the trunk of a giant pine, whose long arms cast giant shadows on the sunny sward, watching with dreamy, half-closed eyes the picture before him. He looked like an artist, this dark-eyed, thoughtful-browed, classicalfeatured young Canadian, and he looked what he was-an artist heart and soul. It was a study for an artist, too-the scene on which he gazed—and in after years that very scene, immortalized on canvas, and exhibited at the Academy of Art, in London, was one of the first of his paintings to win him fame. The cloudless summer sky over his head, fleeced with billows of downy white, and away in the West, where the sun was sinking, an oriflamme of purple, gold and crimson, the whole western horizon radiant with rosy light. pines, the tamaracs, and maples reared their tall heads against it; its vivid glory of coloring cast long cool shadows on the grass. twittering of the not very sweet-voiced but gaudy-colored Canadian birds, the plashing of a fountain near, the crisp chirping of the grasshoppers at his feet, made an undercurrent of melody of their own, audible even above the crashing of the brass-band, and the shouting and vociferous talking and laughing of the emancipated schoolgirls. The pine-tree be which he stood was an eminence commanding a view of the whole grounds, with its glens and walks, and summer-houses, and car and parterres, and broad lawns, and sloping Up and down these shaded walks the white muslin skirts and blue ribbons of the pensionnaires fluttered beside the black dress coats of Louis Schaffer's fellow-students from one of the Montreal colleges. Kate Schaffer had said there would be half a dozen gentlemen at the fete; had she said two dozen, would have been nearer the mark; but, not be-

classmates? On the lawn, some were dancing: among the trees, some were swinging; groups were seated together on the grass having sociable chats; white muslin and black coats turning and twisting everywhere; and the band under the tamaracs still playing "Vive la Cana dienne!

ing a prophetess, how was she to tell her irre

brother intended inviting half his

Professor D'Arville saw all this, and some thing else too. Three of those white-muslin angels were coming toward him. One. plump little damsel, with cheeks like scarle rose-berries, brown eyes, brown braids, and azure ribbons; one, a gipsy-faced, dashing young, brunette a daughter of the land, an queen of the fete; and the third, who walked in the center, swinging her straw hat by its rosy ribbons, her black curls entwined with crimson geranium-blossoms and deep-green

leaves. Ah, Professor D'Arville! artist and beauty worshiper, is there anything in all you see before you as fair as she? No Canadian, though her eyes are like black stars, and those ringlets of jetty darkness, that delicate com plexion and bright bloom of color belong to another land. Look as long as you please on the beauty of sky and earth, or tree and flowers, it is not half so dangerous as one glance at that noble and lovely head.

"Vive la Canadienne! et ses beaux yeux, Et ses beaux yeux tous doux, Et ses beaux yeux,"

hummed a voice behind him; and turning his lazy glance, Monsieur D'Arville saw Paul Schaffer lounging up, looking at the three girls,

He touched his hat, with a meaning smile, to the young artist.
"I need not ask if monsieur is enjoying him-

self. I see that he is.'

"Yes, monsieur; solitude is enjoyment sometimes " 'Pardon, that I have broken it; but it was likely to be broken anyway, in a pleasanter manner, perhaps. See! The three belles of

the fete are coming toward you."

"They are going to the house, I presume; for they have not even seen me yet."
"Monsieur's modesty! He does not need to be told he is a favorite with the ladies!"

Professor D'Arville fixed his eyes in a steady stare on Mr. Schaffer's face, in a way that would have discomposed any other man, but did not in the least disturb the bland equa-nimity of the young gentleman before him.

"A deuced pretty girl, that Miss Eve Hazel-

wood! Don't you think so, monsieur? One of your pupils, too, no doubt. What an envi-

The brow of the young professor contracted slightly; but his only answer was silence, cold

"They call her La Princesse in the school," went on easy Mr. Schaffer, "and, by Jove, she looks it! Talk about the beaux yeux of our Canadian girls! I never saw such a pair of eyes in my life as mademoiselle has!" "Is monsieur in love?" Professor D'Arville

asked, with a slight smile and French shrug.
"I would be, if I dared; but one might as well fall in love with the moon, if all I have heard of her be true. I like flesh and blood, not statues. One live woman is worth a thousand marble ones."

Professor D'Arville made a guesture toward Hazel, who was laughing at something until her cheeks were crimson

there. The future Madame Schaffer - is it

"Will you have a cigar, monsieur?" was Paul Schaffer's answer. "No? Then, with your permission, I will." "Why, here's Paul!" called out Kate, catch-

ing sight of the two gentlemen. "I say, Paul, Louis told me to tell you—"
What Louis had told her to tell, Mr. Paul Schaffer was not destined to hear; for, just then, there was a tremendous shout, and Louis

himself came bustling through the trees, his hair flying, his face flushed—altogether, in a state of frenzied excitement.
"This way—this way, all of you! Here's a lot more of the crowd, and we'll all have our

fortunes told together."

Mon Dieu! has that madhead gone crazy?" was Kate's cry, while the rest stared.
"Gone crazy? Catch me at it! Here, you old Meg Merrilies, or whatever they call you, come this way! Here's another batch that

want you to spae their fortunes." Half a dozen girls and as many young men, with a vast deal of noise and tumult, and in their midst an outlandish-looking figure. It was an old woman, bent, and leaning on a stick; her brown, shriveled face and small, bright eyes peering from beneath a huge bonnet; a dingy blue cloak wrapped about her, and beneath it a scant red dress hardly reaching to her ankle. A more uncouth or witch like figure no one there had ever seen; and Louis, catching her by the arm, drew her forward, and presented her with a flourishing

"One of Macbeth's witches, ladies and gen tlemen, come from Hades by the last express-train, to tell your fortunes! She has told all of ours, and made fifteen shillings by the performance; and now, if you have any spar change about you, she is willing to lift the vail of the future for you. Eve, hold out your hand, and let us hear what the future has in

store for you besides a coffin!"
"No!" said Eve, shrinking back. "Let Kate and Hazel try, if they wish; I had rather

not.' The old woman, whose eyes had been darting from one face to another, turned them, at the sound of her voice, on Eve, and, to the surprise of every one, broke out into a shrill and irrepressible cry. It was not a cry of aston-ishment; it was more like triumph, repressed almost instantly; but her eyes gleamed with a strange fire, and the dirty, skinny hand she held out trembled with eagerness.

"Yes, yes, yes, my pretty lady!" she exclaimed, shrilly; "let me tell your fortune! Don't be afraid, my dearie; the future can glittering on their green leaves, as their Don't be afraid, my dearie; the future can branches rustled softly in the light breeze, and have nothing but good in it for one so beauti-Her first cry had been repressed so quickly

that it had passed almost unnoticed, save by one, who bent his brows and watched the bellame keenly Eve shrunk further away.

'No; don't trouble yourself about my fu-I dare say, I will know it soon enough.

"Oh, botheration!" broke out Louis; "don't be such a guy, Eve! Let the old girl tell your fortune. She does it strong, I tell you!" "No," said Eve, resolutely turning away. "I shall not tempt the future, even in jest. Besides "-half laughing-"I have no money. and the oracle is a golden glutton, and will not

speak unless bribed. A storm of wordy abuse fell unheeded on Eve's ear as she turned away; and, lifting her eyes, she caught Professor D'Arville's penetrating glance fixed upon her. "So you have no faith in destiny?"

"I do not believe in fortune-telling, if that is what you mean; and I believe it is wrong to encourage any one to make a living by any such means. The professor smiled, and the smile lit up

his dark, creole face with a rare beauty. Wisdom from the lips of sixteen! ee, I know your age, mademoiselle. I knew beforehand you had considerable moral courage, but I did not know it was quite so

"Monsieur pays me a compliment," Eve said, her heart fluttering a little. you, I can be obstinate enough when I please! Are you going up to the house?"

If mademoiselle will permit me to accom Eve bowed, and Professor D'Arville offered his arm. A dark and sinister glance followed

them; and Louis Schaffer touched Hazel on the arm, with a slight and contemptuous "See, Hazel! One would think they had

known each other from their cradles. Paul Virginia, eh?" and

"They make a very nice couple, I think. How do you like Eve?" Mr. Schaffer raised his eyebrows "Oh, so-so. A pretty girl with black eyes, but nothing to set the St. Lawrence on fire.

She is a sort of second Minerva, is she not? In making her, they forgot to add that trifling item, a heart.

so of my handsome cousin Eve!" my opinion, and you have it.

But every one admires her." "And so do I, immensely—as I admire sculptured Dianas and Niobes. But as to falling in love with anything so celestially cold-

"Oh, Paul!"—and Hazel's hands clasped his arm, and Hazel's beaming face was uplifted in there were threads of silver gleaming amid his of pokes, you would. What do I want? ecstasy—"I am glad; I am so glad! Do you know I was awfully afraid you would never "Parde think of me after you saw Eve?"

know that? And, to punish you, I have a good of those two buildings on the hill yonder is mind not to tell you something that I think Madame Moreau's pensionnat?"

"What is it, Paul?" "Come up to the house; I don't want all these gaping girls to hear. It is this: the regiment are ordered off somewhere, and, before they go, give a grand ball. Will you come?"

'Oh, Paul, I can't!" "Oh, Hazel, you can. Dress in your room, descend by the rope-ladder, I willdrive you to the depot, the cars will take us to Montreal in an hour and a half, and you can return by the four o'clock express in the morning. You will have a night's pleasure, and Madame Moreau nor any of her dragons be the wiser!" "But, Paul-"

"Well, m'amour?"
"I wouldn't—" laughing and blushing deep-

"I wouldn't be proper!"

"Tut, tut, tut, proper! Are you not my little wife, or as good? Get a companion if you like; ask La Princesse to come with you!"

"Eve?" Hazel cried, aghast; "why, Paul, Eve would as soon take a pistol and blow her own brains out as do anything of the kind! Eve, indeed! it's little you know of her to suggest such a thing!"

"Try, anyway. If she refuses, Kate Schafr cheeks were crimson.

"If monsieur likes flesh and blood, he has it peste! How I hate prudes!"

Mal peste! How I hate prudes!"

After that, Hazel would as soon have thought of blowing her brains out as refusing, and they had it all settled before they reached the house Some one was singing as they entered the long drawing-room, half filled with eager listeners; and among these listeners a white figure, with black curls and pink ribbons, in the shadow of the window-curtains, drinking in every word every note. The singer was Professor Claude D'Arville, who could sing and play as well as he could paint, and the song was "Ellen Adair." Paul Schaffer and Hazel Wood stood in the doorway, and listened with the rest:

Ellen Adair, she loved me well, Against her father and mother's wi To-day I sat for an hour and wept, By Ellen's grave on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold— Thought her proud, and fled o'er the sea; Filled was I with folly and spite, When Ellen Adair was dying for me."

"There is the Ellen Adair he is thinking of," whispered Paul; "look at the window; but she never will die for him or any one else."

"Ah! I don't know," said Hazel, with a sentimental look; "'the trail of the serpent is over all,' Moore says, and she is only mortal, like the rest of us.' "Marble, you should say! There, he is at

the second verse, and it is not polite to talk, I suppose."

The song was finished amid a buzz of applause, in which the white figure at the win-dow did not join. They saw her shrink away into the shadow of the curtains, and glide

through the open window out on the lawn. The sinister eyes that never ceased watching her saw the act, and saw Professor D'Arville saunter away in another direction.

The sunny afternoon was ending in a cloud-less, moonlight night, as Eve Hazelwood, avoiding the numerous groups of gay girls and young men, strolled by herself down a shady pine avenue, toward the gate, and leaning against it, watched the round, red moon rise, with her beauty in her eyes. Far off, one solemn star shone, the precursor of the rising host. The peaceful village lay beneath her, hushed in the holy silence of eventide; the convent-bell was ringing for vespers, and while she stood listening to its slow, sweet music, two of the nuns passed her on their way there. One was a sober-looking, middle-aged woman the other, a young girl, not much older then Eve herself, and with a face almost as beautiful and fair, more gentle and sweet. Eve watched them out of sight, wondering if the young nun was happy, and very, very doubtful of it. She need not have been. Agnes was perfectly happy; but the world looked a very bright and beautiful place to the inexperienced schoolgirl, and, somehow, this afternoon it had acquired a new charm. the sun ever shone so brightly before? Had she ever spent such a pleasant afternoon? And was there ever so charming a song as "Ellen Ah! there lay the key-note of all, and half unconsciously she began to sing:

"Love may come and love may go, And fly like a bird from tree to tree; But I will love no more, no more, Till Ellen Adair comes back to me."

"You liked my song, then?" said a quiet voice behind her, and Eve fairly bounded She had heard no step on the velvety sward, but Professor D'Arville stood at her elbow.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, I did not mean to startle you. Being tired of the heat and noise of the house, I strolled down here to enjoy the eauty of the evening alone. I see made selle is an admirer of the beauties of nature. If I intrude, I will depart."

"Oh, no," said Eve, laying her hand on her breast to still her startled heart-beating; "this place is free to all."

He leaned against the gate and looked at "So you like 'Ellen Adair'?"

"Yes, monsieur; I like everything Tennyson writes." "Yet it is rubbish after all—sentimental trash! Don't you think so?"
"No, monsieur!" rather indignantly; "I

should be sorry to think so! Tennyson could not write rubbish if he tried." "Oh, I see! You are like all the other ro-

mantic young ladies in the world! Have you read 'Mariana in the Moated Grange '?" "A hundred times, mensieur! I know it

every word off."
"What lucky fellows these poets are! Ah, who have we here? A brigand or the hero of a three-volume novel. Perhaps Tennyson him-

Eve's eyes were asking the same question, though her lips were silent. Up the moonlit road a tall figure was striding—the figure of a man in a long, picturesque and most foreign-looking cloak, a broad-brimmed straw hat pulled over his face, completely concealing it,

and a cigar between his lips. "What a strange-looking figure!" said Eve, "Who can he be, and what can wonderingly. "Who can he be, have brought him to St. Croix?"

"Questions I cannot take it upon myself to answer. Why, he is actually coming here!" The foreign-looking stranger had caught sight of the two figures standing within the "Nonsense, Paul!" But Hazel's face was sight of the two figures standing within the radiant malgre cela. "I won't have you talk gate, and flinging his cigar away, walked up to them. Taking off his hat to Eve, he made "My dear, I beg your pardon. You asked a courtly bow; and in the moonlight, clear as day, she saw a bronzed and mustached face, swarthy as that of a Paynim, but eminently handsome, shaded by profuse coal-black locks and lit up by luminous dark eyes. handsome, and distinguished, he did indeed look like the hero of a novel, or a brigand in a play. His years might have been forty, and

"You're a little simpleton, Hazel. Do you I am a stranger here. Can you tell me which

"The one furthest off, monsieur," replied Professor D'Arville; "the other is the Convent of the Holy Cross.'

"A thousand thanks, monsieur! Good-night." He bowed again to Eve, threw on his som-

brero, and walked leisurely away, humming the fag-end of a Spanish ballad as he went. Spaniard," said Monsieur D'Arville 'he looks like it. Some of Madame's Cuban friends, perhaps; she lived there before she came to St. Croix. But the night-air is chill, and your dress is thin, mademoiselle—had I

not better lead you in?"
"Eve! Eve! Eve Hazelwood!" a chorus of voices suddenly called before Eve could reply, and a whole troop of demoiselles rushed down upon them. "Eve! Eve! where are you?" "Here she is!" shouted Kate Schaffer. "I have found her! I thought I would."

And her black Canadian eyes, those laughing, roguish dark eyes, whose praises her countrymen sing, looked wickedly from teacher to

pupil.
"Well," said Eve, with infinite composure,
"and now that I am found, what do you want

with me?"
"Only this, the best of friends must part; and we are ordered home, or rather back to You are the only missing lamb of the fold; and detachments have been sent out in every direction in search of you.

"Oh, yes!" said Hazel, joining in; "we thought somebody had run away with—out Hurry now, or you'll get a lecture as

long as to-day and to-morrow."

The carriages were at the door, and the pen sionnaires, cloaked and hooded, being packed into them by the devoted young collegians. Louis Schaffer, his cousin Paul, and Monsieur D'Arville, stood near one as Eve came out the last, and it was Paul Schaffer who advanced with extended hand, while Louis was chatting volubly with the girls already stowed within the vehicle, and the professor stood at a little distance, looking quietly on.

"We thought La Princesse was lost ter minutes ago, and were all in a state of distraction. Louis, get out of the way, will you, and let me assist Mademoiselle Hazelwood in." 'Off she goes!" cried Louis, as Eve, scarce ly touching his cousin's hand, stepped lightly

night, Eve, and pleasant dreams-dream of "Adieu, mademoiselle," Paul Schaffer said, lifting her hand to his lips before she was aware; "I shall long remember this evening!

in; "the last, the brightest, the best! Good-

Adieu, and au revoir!" With an imperious gesture, the girl snatched her hand away, her cheeks flushing scarlet. Another gentleman stepped up to the carriage door, and shut it.

"Good-night, Miss Hazelwood," he said in English; "Good-night, young ladies all."
"Bon soir! bon soir, monsieur!" a chorus of voices called, and then the carriage rattled

away, and the fete was ended. The two young men, left alone in the moonlight, did not speak. Roving silently, they went their different ways, Professor D'Arville into the house to bid his hostess farewell, and Paul Schaffer walked at a brisk pace toward the gate. Out in the road, he walked rapidly toward the village, and stopped at last before a lonely-looking little hut, at the outskirts of St. Croix. He paused a moment to look at it, and the one full ray of light streaming from its curtained window, and then rapped gently

at the door. "This should be the place," he muttered to himself; "and if the old witch knows anything about the girl, I shall find it out before I leave, or my name's not Paul Schaffer."

CHAPTER XIV.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT. A RAINY afternoon in St. Croix-a dogged, determined, out-and-out rainy day, with a sky of lead above, and a soaking, steaming, sodden earth below Croix, dull at the best in the brightest sunshine but doubly dull in wet weather, when you might walk in mud from one extremity of the village to the other without meeting living thing, except, perhaps, some draggled, skulking dog, the outcast and Pariah of his tribe. A dismal afternoon in the pensionnat des demoiselles; its playground deserted, its day-scholars gone home in the great covered carryall, kept by Madame for such emergencies, and darkness and dullness brooding over empty carres and long corridors. It was the hour of recess, too; but the gloomy evening seemed to have imparted some of its gloom to Madame Moreau's pupils; for instead of making day hideous with their uproar, according to custom, they had slouched off to their rooms and gone to sleep, or in hidden corners were poring over novels, or, gathered in groups, were gapingly discussing the great Schaffer fete, not yet two days old. The babies of the Fourth Division, too young in the blessedness of seven years to know the meaning of the dreadful word ennui, were romping and screaming in their own dominions, and their noise, and that of two or three pianos in the music-room, were the only sounds that

broke the solitude of the pensionnat. In one of the deserted carres, perched up in the deep window-ledge at the furthest extremity, a pensionnaire sat looking out at the black and dismal prospect. She was wrapped in a large plaid shawl, for the wet day was bleak and raw; a book, La Tour de ma Chambre, lay in her lap; but the dark, dreamy eyes were fixed on the lowering sky, and the rain plashing against the glasses, and the luxuriant black ringlets were pushed impatiently behind her ears, and away from the beautiful face. The girl was thinking, some thing schoolgirls are not greatly given to do, and her meditations were broken suddenly, in a not very romantic manner. A pair of highheeled boots came clattering down the staircase near her, and a shrill falsetto voice, sing ing at the top of a pair of powerful lungs:

"'Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!
How could you go for to do so!
Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!
He had a man Friday,
To keep his house tidy.'

Hallo! Is this where you are, perched up like some dismal old owl, or some what's-its-name a pillow-case in the wilderness?"

This last did not belong to the canticle she was chanting, but was addressed by the singer to the pensive young lady in the window, who turned round leisurely at the interruption.

'Is it you, Hazel? What do you want?"

"' 'He built him a boat, Of the skin of a goat, And he christened it Robinson Crusoe,' " sung Hazel Wood, skipping up adroitly beside Eve; "you ought to have been Mrs. Robinson Crusoe. You would have made a sweet pair elf locks.

"Pardon!" he said in French, though not with a French accent, "for the intrusion, but each up-stairs."

pleasure of your charming society, my love. It's a little better than yawning myself to death up-stairs."

"I thought you were asleep." "Never was wider awake in my life! I was

reading!" "You reading! I like that!"

"'Pon my word! It was a novel, though, and one of Eugene Sue's at that!" "Oh, Hazel!" "There! don't faint! It wasn't the 'Mysteries of Paris'—I never could wade through that. What's this? Oh, 'A Journey Round my Chamber!' I might have known it was something stupid and lugubrious! You ought

to go and be a nun at once: you are half one "Miss Wood, if you only came here to lecture me, I beg you will take your departure again as quickly as possible. I prefer my own

thoughts to your abuse." "Well, then, don't be cross, and I won't ld. I have come to ask a favor of scold.

you. "Yes, I might have known that! Do your stockings want darning, or your handkerchiefs hemming, or has your pocket-money run short,

or what is the trouble now?"
"Nothing of that kind. It's the greatest favor you have ever rendered me in your

Eve opened her eyes

"The greatest! What in the world can it be, then? Let us hear it." Promise me first that you will grant it."

"Promise before I know what it is! No, I thank you, Miss Wood!" "But oh, Eve! I do want it so badly! You won't refuse—there's a darling, will you?" cried Hazel, putting her arms round Eve's neck and

bribing her with kisses. "Hands off!" Eve laughed, disengaging her-"I am above bribes. Out with this won-

derful favor of yours." "Eve, if you don't grant it I will never speak to you." "Won't you? I wonder which of us that

would punish most? But take heart, coz; if it is nothing very terrible, I dare say I will grant

"But it is terrible; at least you will think it "Ah!" said Eve, growing grave. "It is some of Monsieur Paul Schaffer's handiwork,

then, I dare say. Hazel shifted uneasily beneath the truthful and penetrating dark eyes.
"Yes, it is! Eve, I wish you wouldn't be so prejudiced against Paul. What right have you

Eve sat silent, her lips compressed, her hands folded, her eyes fixed on the sullen rain.

Hazel fidgeted and looked uneasily at her

" Eve."

"Well?"

"He wants me to—to go to a ball with him. There! the murder's out!" To go to a ball? When and where?" "It is a military ball, in Montreal, and the time is to-morrow night?"

"And do you imagine Madame Moreau will consent to any such thing?"
"I don't intend to ask her. I want to go without her knowledge. I can do it easi-

"Indeed! How?" "Can't I dress in our room? - my white muslin will do well enough—and get out by the rope-ladder? Paul will be waiting with a carriage. The cars will take us to the

city, and fetch us back before five next morn-Eve faced suddenly round, with kindling "Hazel, did Paul Schaffer ask you to do

this? "Have I not just told you so?" uneasily and

impatiently.
"And you consented?" "Yes!" said Hazel, defiantly. "And what of it?" "Only that Paul Schaffer is a villain, and

you—oh, Hazel! Hazel!—have no respect for yourself at all." Hazel bounced indignantly down on the Eve Hazelwood, I'd thank you to mind what you are saying. Yes; he did ask me, and, what's more, he has sent you an invitation

Eve rose up, her eyes like black stars, her cheeks rosy flame. "And Paul Schaffer dared to send me such an insult as that?"

o accompany me. Now, there

You're somebody great, ain't you, that you're not to be insulted? Eve stood silent, looking at her, more in sorrow than in anger; and Hazel still kept shifting and fidgeting under those earnest

"Oh. fiddlesticks! Insult your grandmother!

"Now, look here, cousin Eve, what I want to know is this: will you keep my secret? can't get away without your knowing, or I wouldn'task you. Kate Schaffer is going, too; so where will be the impropriety? schoolgirl frolic, that no one would object to but an old granny like yourself?"

"Kate Schaffer may go if she pleases; but you shall not." "Shall not?" said Hazel, her eyes beginning to flash; "take care, Eve Hazelwood!

"Shall not!" repeated Eve, resolutely; "not if I have to sit up all night to prevent you. Sooner than let you go, I will go to madame, and tell her all. "Telltale!" hissed Hazel, red with passion,

and Eve's face turned crimson at the word. "What do I care? You shall not make me angry, Hazel, and you shall not disgrace your-No, you shall not go, and some day you will thank me for it. Hazel essayed to speak, but anger and dis-

appointment were too much for her, and she burst into a hysterical passion of sobs. own eyes filled, and she put her arms round her cousin, but that indignant young lady shook her violently off. "Let me alone, will you? you hateful, obstinate, selfish thing! I hate you, Eve Hazel-

wood, and I'll go in spite of you! The class-bell rung loudly, but Hazel, sobbing and scolding, paid no attention to it. Eve lingered, looking at her. 'Hazel, dear, don't be angry. It is because I love you I can't consent.

There!"

"You don't love me! You love nobody but yourself! You're just what Paul says: a coldhearted, unfeeling thing; but I'll go, if I die for it! Mind that!"

"You had better stop crying, and come down stairs. The supper-bell has rung."
"Let it ring!" said Hazel, desperately; "I

don't want any supper. Go and eat your own, Now, really, this was a most unjust reproach; for, to do Eve justice, her palate was the least of her troubles—which was very far from being Miss Wood's case. Eve smiled involuntarily as she heard it, and leaving the carre without

another word, descended to the salle a man-'Hazel will think better of it," she mused; "I don't believe she will go without her tea."
Eve was right. As soon as she was gone,

Hazel dried her eyes, and took her lacerated heart down-stairs, to seek consolation in the pale, lukewarm fluid, known in boardingschools as tea, and its accompanying slices of transparent bread and butter. Fifteen minutes was the time allotted for devouring these At the end of that period, a was given to rise; grace was said by the pre-siding teacher, and the ceremony was over. Silence being the austere law at meal-time, ten minutes were allowed the girls afterward to relieve their feelings before going up-stairs, and Babel broke loose the instant grace was ended. Just in the midst of a wild uproar and confusion of tongues, the folding-doors of the salle a manger split open, and in sailed Madane Moreau, followed by a gentleman. At sight of their commander-in-chief, the tumult ceased, and all eyes turned on her companion a tall, dark, foreign looking gentleman, bearded and mustached like a pard, and most exceedingly handsome.

Here are my little family, monsieur,' laughed Madame, introducing him to the pensionnaries, who returned his bow by a simultaneous school-girl obeisance. "You perceive they have just concluded their frugal re

"Frugal," murmured Kate Schaffer, looking mournfully round the sloppy tea-table. "I should think so. We are safe from dyspepsia and the gout while we are under your charge, madame.

The gentleman's dark eyes, wandering from face to face, rested on that of Eve, standing near a window, from which she had been watching the rainy twilight. He did not approach her, however, but went up to Hazel, who stood all alone, as sulky as a bear.

"One of your family appears to be in distress, Madame," he said. And Eve recognized at once the melodious, foreign-accented voice. 'The world seems to have gone wrong with this young lady "

Hazel shrugged pettishly, and turned round with a sulky action, that said, as plainly as words:
"I wish you would mind your own busi-

ness."
"You have been crying, Miss Wood?" ques-

tioned Madame, looking at her. 'No, I haven't!" said Hazel, as crossly as she dared—for I am sorry to say Miss Wood thought no more of small fibs at times than she did of rudeness-"there's nothing the matter

The stranger smiled, passed on, and came to where Eve stood.

"Ah," he said, stopping, "here is a familiar You and I have met before, mademoi-

"Met before!" echoed Madame, while all the teachers and pupils stared. "Why, where can Monsieur Mendez have met Miss Hazel-

"Madame, the other evening, walking along the road out there, I saw a fairy, all in white and pink, standing at a gate in the moonlight, and I went up, and asked to be directed to

"It was the night of the fete," Eve said, a little embarrassed to find all eyes fixed on her.

'I directed Monsieur to the pensionnat Here the study-bell rang, and Madame and her companion bowing themselves out, left the young ladies to go up-stairs. Hermine the portress, was just opening the front-door in answer to an imperative ring, as her mistress crossed the vestibule on her way to the parlor. The visitor was a little spare, wiry man, who nodded to Madame with easy indifference, but started back at sight of her companion as if he

had seen a gh st.

"Eh, what!" he cried, energetically, ""it can't be! it can't be!"

And the sentence was finished by a blank "Monsieur evidently mistakes me for some

said the gentleman, with a courteous

smile and bow. 'No, that never was his voice," said the

little man, still staring; "beg your pardon, sir, but you look so much like some one I once knew, that at first I'll be hanged if I didn't think it was he."

Allow me to make you acquainted, gentlemen," interposed Madame, blandly; "Monsieur, this is Doctor Lance, one of my professors, and the guardian of two of my pupils. Professor, my friend from Cuba, Senor Me dez, who has kindly come to visit me in my Cana-

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," grunted the professor. "Madame, I want to ee my wards—I have a piece of news for them, that I think will make them open their

Madame led the way into the parlor, and rang the bell.
"No bad news, I trust?" she asked.

"That's as may be. The fact is, I'm tired of them, and I think it high time this other guardian, who is also their nearest living blood-relation, should take charge of them. So wrote to him. He was in England, as you know, and here (producing a document) is his answer, telling me to pack them both off by the next steamer to him.

"Mon Dieu! we shall be desolated at losing them. Babette," to the girl who answered the bell, "go tell Mcs moiselles Wood and Hazelwood that their guardian is here, and desires to see them immediately.

Monsieur's wards are, then, the two young ladies I was speaking to?' asked Senor Men-

"Yes, monsieur, and the tall and handsome one is the star pupil of my school. Ah! how much we shall regret her! But I hear them coming; Monsieur Mendez, come this way Monsieur Lance may desire to you please. alone with his wards.'

The preceptress and her Cuban friend passed out just as Eve and Hazel, in a state of aston-ishment as to what Doctor Lance could possibly want at such a time, went in to hear the unexpected tidings.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

BAYARD TAYLOR, who has traveled all over th world, says that the favorite jugglers at the Japanese street-corners are young boys, who, before commencing their tricks, concess their heads in large hoods, with a tuft of cock's fea hers on too, and a small scarlet mask, representing the muzzle of a dog. The hood, mask and feathers rest above the head, while a kind of sack-like covering falls down, hiding head, neck and shoulders. These poor child he says, "in bending and curving themupon the other, to the thump and jingle of their conductor's tambourine, present the appearance of a grotesque and fantastic He had fought his way to the outer world! struggle between two animals with monstrous heads and small human limbs." The conductors are grown men who go about with the boy-jugglers, and receive the money thrown interested lookers-on. Their uncovered they make in singing and making noises to attract a crowd.

THE SOAP-MAN.

A Punny Tale.

BY TOM TRADDLES.

Sim Robb, he was a soap-man,
And when the panic came
He had no fear that he would fail
And lose his own good name.
For this one fact let all men know
Who would with others cope,
That Simon's trade will ever last,
For, "While there's life there's 'soap."

And now to show the doubting world
That wonders never cease,
Although Sim never went abroad
He always trades in "grease."
And though Sim never told a fib,
Whene er he passes by,
And anybody gives him grease
He pays her back in—"lye."

Sim never drank a glass of rum,
And yet it's stranger far
That though his friends petition oft,
He never cuts the bar!
Though Job was troubled much with boils,
Not so with Simon Robb;
And when he turns his grease to soap,
It is a "boiling Job."

Old Bull's-Eye,

THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

> CHAPTER XVIII. BURIED ALIVE.

ANITA DE SYLVA uttered a little shriek of terror as the maddened beast crouched before her, its eyes ablaze, its long fangs visible through its parted lips, and when Shkote-nah, the Caygua chief, pushed her back, she turned to flee, running fairly into the arms of Percy Abbot, who had sprung to her rescue. Leaving the giant to cope with the jaguar as best he might, Abbot raised Anita in his arms and clambered rapidly up the rocks, calling upon Luis to follow them. He now fully compre hended the double peril that threatened them, and sought refuge in a hollow between two up right rocks, with a roof of solid earth above This hole was considerably larger than had seemed from the ledge below, and Luis found no difficulty in following the lovers. And then—the living avalanche thundered down the rocky sides of the barranca. The trio huddled lose together, as though for mutual protec-

A livid light filled the barranca without They could catch glimpses of dark bodies falling swiftly past the entrance—but then all was dark. There came a sudden shock—the sides of the den seemed to be falling in upon and crushing them. With a low moan, Anita swooned. Luis, who was nearest the entrance, roped forward, but only for a few feet. Then he paused, with a cry that sounded in Abbot's ears like a death knell. He easily unlerstood its meaning.

They were buried alive! Truly the situation was anything but an enviable one. And yet, how much worse it might have been. Here at least they could not be crushed to death by the falling beasts, nor were they so fully exposed to the power of the fire. True, the air was close, and appeared scant, but if they were to be smothered to death, they would die together, locked in each other's arms. And with this thought, Percy bowed his head until his lips touched Anita's.

"There's magic in a kiss"—so sings the poet, and truer words were never spoken. The pressure was returned, and Anita's arms tightened around the young man's neck. For a moment Abbot was in heaven-'twas the first kiss that had ever passed between them

But not even love is a specific against suffering, and the young couple were disagreeably reminded of their perilous situation. Breathing became more and more difficult. The earth surrounding them seemed glowing with heat. Perspiration streamed from every pore. Each breath drawn was one of absolute agony And then-all was a blank.

They had yielded to the terrible strain—they had swooned. How long this lasted, they never knew. Luis was the first to recover his senses. was intensely dark—"a gloom that could be seen and felt." The air was close and hot, and every breath seemed like inhaling some noxious liquid. He endeavored to shout, but his oice was like that of a strangling person. Then he groped forward, and shaking Perry, succeeded in arousing him and Anita, who lay tight clasped in each other's arms.

"Rouse up, man!" hoarsely muttered de lva. "We are buried alive—the air is almost exhausted—unless we can dig through, we are doomed!"

Abbot seemed confused and bewildered, but then his brain cleared and he remembered all

that had occurred. 'To work, then-for her sake!" he gasped. as he crept forward and tore at the hard, dry

earth with his naked hands. "But-which is Which, indeed! Who could answer? But

to give way to despair meant certain death They must have fresh air or die. And with this thought uppermost, yet breathing silent prayers that their efforts might be directed aright, the two men tore down the dirt before them, trampling it under foot, unheeding the sharp stones that lacerated their fingers. They vere working for life.

The air seemed to grow thicker and more foul, until they could scarcely breathe. They eemed to be sweating blood at every pore Yet they never paused—a moment lost might

There was no sound from Ani a now. did not reply when they called to her. Abbot groaned bitterly, but did not quit his work, though he pictured her dying-dying, and he unable to aid her. Oh! it was horrible!

A faint, gasping cry from Luis-but not one of joy. A sound of utter despair, a sound that told he had lost all hope. "God help us! I've struck the solid rock!"

he gasped, and then dropped at Abbot's feet, his courage gone. For one moment Perry faltered. It seemed like fighting against fate. Why struggle to protract the inevitable—why not die, since die

he must, in the arms of his loved one? But his manhood urged him on to redoubled exertions. He tore at the earth like a madman. Then one handful clung to his fingersit was wet-what did it mean? He shook it off and clawed frantically at the hole he had made. And then-joy! The sticky sand gave

way before his hand, and as he drew back,

puff of cool, deliciously sweet air followed! For a moment he swallowed great draughts of the blessed, life-giving air, then groped back and lifting Anita in his arms, held her face up in the draught, beseeching her in frenzied accents to live-to live for him. He was faces are sometimes hideous with the effort little better than a madman; but he had undergone enough to make him such, during that down and retreated. terrible night.

The air within the den was rapidly growing more bearable, and Luis gave signs of recovery, down the rocks. ery, and soon arose at Abbot's call. Anita, This was the too, gave a faint sigh, and began to breathe more freely, while her cheek grew warmer beneath Perry's passionate kisses. Then she murmured his name and clung closer to himtheir warm breath mingled—their lips met and clung together as though they would never separate. That was the young hunter's reward for his desperate struggle when all seem-

The reaction came, and the trio sat before the air-hole, faint, utterly exhausted. All by Walter Dugrand! seemed dark without, and they knew it was not yet day. They marveled that the night had not long since passed over. It seemed as though their imprisonment had lasted an age.

As they regained their strength and courage, the trio consulted in low, guarded tones. They had no means of knowing whether the Cayguas - provided any had escaped the still lingering near. They listened, but all was still without.

"After all," muttered Luis, gloomily, "it can matter little to us. They could only kill us, and that would be better than being lost in the desert, unarmed, without food or means of procuring any. We would starve to death."
"We would not lack for food—you forget

how many buffalo and deer must have been killed leaping down here. It is water that I fear the most. My throat is so parched that I can hardly speak. And you, poor darling, what must you suffer?" added Abbot, sorrow-

"I am thirsty, but I can bear it better than the fear of falling into the hands of that dreadful savage. It makes my flesh creep to think of his ugly looks! Let's wait until sure that they have all left," murmured Anita. "I saw the old beast-and that was the

could do nothing to rid you of his company. I hope the dog has been roasted alive!" Anita ventured a little hug at these words, and was immediately repaid with interest, and the darkness kindly concealed more than one deeply flushed face as a little report followed the reluctant parting of their lips. Ah, after all, being buried alive was not so terrible—

when one believes escape is possible, and is blessed with the company of one's beloved. Finally Luis, who had not so much to distract his thoughts as the others, declared that he could endure it no longer—that he was alnost crazed with thirst. And he rapidly enlarged the hole, until it was large enough to give passage to his body. Repeatedly cautioned by Abbot, he emerged, and peered keenly around. An impressive spectacle met his gaze in the gray light of dawn, but no-where could he detect the presence of a living Even then he marveled at the coolner form. The traces of such an extensive fire should have lingered longer than that—in heat, if nothing more. But then a low, glad cry broke from his lips as his hand rested in a hollow filled with water! And then he knew.

The blessed rain! Anita and Abbot came forth and joined him, and ten minutes later were wondering how the want of a little water could produce such acute suffering.

Making Anita re-enter the den, the young men carefully examined the barranca, and then, scaling the rocks, peered out over dead, blackened plain. Not a living object

was visible. They were alone in the desert! Yet even this thought did not greatly sub-due their spirits. They had made such a wonderful escape from death that it did not seem possible they could be reserved for a more lingering though no less certain doom. They

would yet escape from the desert—never fear!

It was anything but an agreeable scene that the trio gazed upon, as they stood before the den that had so nearly proven their grave. Hundreds upon hundreds of dead bodies lay in the barranca, filling it from side to side for full twenty feet in depth. The fire had singed most of the hair and hide off of these, and the heavy rain-drops had beaten off the charred flesh, leaving the bloody, half cooked meat visible in blotches. The mass was steaming freely; the rain could not cool all that animal And with the rest, scattered along the rocks were the corpses of many a Cayuga who

"It is horrible-beyond anything I ever dreamed possible!" murmured Anita, shudder-'It makes me sick—let's leave this

We will soon, darling," replied Abbot.

"But we must not forget what lies before us. We may be days and even weeks trying to pedos plunged to continue their flight beyond. find our way out of this desert. To start without due preparation would be suicide.' "Our preparations will be very slight,"

faintly smiled Anita 'Not so. First we must see to securing a supply of this water before the sun comes out and evaporates it. Then there is food-but

be to make a choice." "Food—eat that—!" faltered Anita. "We must," quietly replied Perry. "We must eat that or starve. We have no weapons—not even a knife, unless we can find one upon some of the dead Indians. We will have to eat this meat, and that without any further cooking. You must remember where we are, Anita, and continue to act like the brave, truehearted woman you are. God knows we will have discouragement enough, without raising

any among ourselves." Forgive me, Perry-I will try and be sensible. What is good enough for you, darling, is good enough for me."

Luis was climbing over the rocks, to search the dead Cayguas for weapons, and so failed to see the delicious bit of— What? Something awful, of course, but it's ill telling tales

Luis found several knives, but no other weapons that could be of service, unless it was one or two of the clumsy stone hatchets. And Anita, to prove how repentant she was, ate a generous slice of roasted buffalo-meatthen asked for more! Like a singed cat, the meat was better than it looked.

It was nearly noon before they succeeded in finding a couple of large leathern flasks that would hold water. These had been protected by lying beneath several animals, and had not en injured by the fire. With a good deal of patience, these were filled from the little pools, and then, with a good supply of roasted meat slung over their shoulders, the trio emerged from the barranca and faced their long, weary journey. But it was destined to be interrupt ed at the very outset. An exclamation from

Luis caused Anita and Perry to glance up. Far away-almost directly before them, a moving body was visible. A few moments' scouting resolved what they were—horsemen. But who-were they friends or enemies?

barranca!" cried Abbot, as he crouched low "Perhaps 'tis those dreadful men—the Red Hawks!" faltered Anita, as they scrambled

This was the thought that was uppermost in the minds of each. Anita concealed herself in the den, Luis and Abbot anxiously watched the party from the escarpment, taking good was evident that the majority, if not all, were white men. It must be the Red Hawks, after the Cayguas, to avenge their slaughtered comrades and their destroyed town. And thus the party wound around the barranca un-It was the band of Man-hunters, led

CHAPTER XIX.

OLD BULL'S-EYE AS A LOVER.

Down—down! through what seemed countless miles of empty space—an aerial flight that seemed never-ending. Then a heavy shock a mad plunging onward over an irregular surface that appeared to be heaving and tossing double peril with life—had departed, or were like the waves of the ocean—then a painful

> When Old Bull's-Eye returned to conscious ness, he found the faithful Snow-squall s and ing over him, licking his face and neck, whim pering dolefully as though mourning over his dead master. But this changed to a joyful whicker, as the scout struggled to a sitting posture, and gazed wonderingly around him. What had happened?

> "Ha! I remember now!" he muttered, as a low sigh drew his attention to the lithe form that lay partly in his arms. "Thank God you are alive, little one!" and he pressed his parched lips to the upturned face, as Carmela unclosed her eyes.

The fire was no longer visible. The sky was clouded, and seemed threatening rain. The darkness was intense. Eyesight availed them little, and they could only guess at the method of their escape from what seemed inhardest of my trials-the knowledge that I evitable death.

Weak and trembling, completely exhausted by the fearful sufferings they had undergone as much of mind as of body-Carmela and Old Bull's-Eye made no attempt to arise, content in the knowledge that their lives been preserved and that they were still to-

His arms tightened around her lithe, yielding form, his head bowed until their cheeks touched each other, their breath mingling, rielding to a delicious languor that neither of them cared to break.

"You are mine, little one!" softly breathed Old Bull's-Eye. "Yours, forever-if you wish-you have

conquered me," Carmela replied, in low, languid accents. Their lips met—all else was forgotten. Such moments are like a smiling oasis in the dreary

desert of life. Then the rain came down, in heavy, blinding sheets. Love, under a shower-bath, is apt to cool down, and so it was with our friends. Old Bull's-Eye unwound his arms long enough to see that his powder-horn was safe, and placed it where there was no danger of its getting wet. The cool rain was very refreshing to their jaded, scorched persons, and served in a measure to quench their thirst. And thus the remainder of the night passed.

With the day-dawn came a knowledge of the wonderful escape they had made, and Old Bull's-Eye, wild and eventful as had been his life for years past, could scarcely believe his

That immense area lying between the Rio Gila and the Colorado river resembles in many espects that tract between the famous Cross-Timber and the Rocky Mountains, or the Llano Estacado, but in nothing so much as its rising by steps, so to speak. The traveler journeying toward the North-west meets at every hundred or hundred and twenty-five miles with a ridge of high hills extending as far as the eye can reach upon each hand. Scaling this, he naturally anticipates a corresponding descent upon the opposite side, but, in most instances, on reaching the summit he broad, level expanse stretching

out beyond the range of human vision. The mad race from the prairie fire had led Old Bull's-Eye a little south of east. The herd of animals had plunged headlong over one of these ledges, down upon the rocks, more than a hundred feet below. They had been crushed had escaped the animals only to fall victims to death by thousands as the mighty stream poured over, trampling and crushing down those that preceded them, until the mass of quivering, mangled carcasses came up to with in twenty feet of the apper prairie. The brutes had tumbled and rolled over until a slope ended two hundred feet out from the ridge, over which the majority of the estam-

This was the descent that Snow-squall had made in safety, finally stumbling at the base and casting its riders to the scored and beaten prairie. The fire had swept up to the ledge, then died out for want of fuel.

"It don't seem possible that we could have come down there, and escaped with life!" exthat lies before us. The only difficulty will claimed Carmela.

"There was never another horse that could try. have done it! Had I not ought to be a very proud man, with my little one and noble old Snow-squall?" "But are you?" and Carmela shot a quick

glance up into the bronzed face, with a blushing shyness that, until now, had been utterly Old Bull's-Eye's reply was entirely satisfac-

tory, of course, else Snow-squall would not have whickered so approvingly, as he lifted his head from cropping the scanty grass-"Am I awake, little one?" said the scout,

laughingly, at length. "I am almost afraid to speak or to touch you, for fear it will awaken me from a dream. To think that Ia rough, ugly old man—"
"Hush!" and Carmela clapped her little

brown paw over the scout's bearded lips. You belong to me now, and no one shall slander my property. You are not old-you are not ugly—but you are a man, true to the very core! My life has been a rough one, and I am almost as much man as woman. But in you I have found my master. Such as I am, I am wholly yours. The debt of gratitude, if any, is owing you."

You are in earnest—you will be my wife, little one?'

"Yours, now and forever, my king!" Ah! well, love is as powerful in the desert as elsewhere, and can find an abiding-place in the heart that beats under a buck-skin shirt or Indian-dressed tunic, as well as beneath fine broadcloth and silken bodice.

It seems that love, hunger and thirst can exist at one and the same time, for ten minutes later the newly-pledged lovers were busily employed; Old Bull's-Eye kindling a fire, while Carmela, riding Snow-squall, went in quest of water. They were both successful, though it was a difficult task kindling a fire with such "We must not run any risks-back to the damp material. Then, side by side, they discussed love and antelope-steaks together.

Their surroundings were peculiar enough.

perpendicular ridge. The brown prairie behind them, dotted thickly with prostrate animals, alive, but helpless. Spurred on by the fire, they had sunk, completely exhausted, the moment they were beyond its power, and now lay in strange juxtaposition. Here lay stretchcare not to be seen. As they drew nearer, it ed out a huge jaguar, its once-beautiful hide was evident that the majority, if not all, were scorched and blistered. Beside it was an antelope, their feet fairly touching. panthers, wild horses, buffalo and elk were ly ng in every direction, unable to arise, completely exhausted, many of whom must die as they lay, from the effects of their terrible

> "What course do you mean to follow now, Old-" began Carmela, but paused with a ludicrous air of confusion.

I'm not ashamed of the name, pet," laughed Old Bull's-Eye, "for 'twas gained honorably. But I guess you had better call me by my real name. I was christened Abel."
"I was thinking of Chiquita, and wondering

Carmela. "That is what I must find out. If she is living, I must meet her face to face. Andlittle one, you said that you did not believe she was your mother. Pray God that your suspicions may prove true—that she is nothing

whether she escaped that terrible fire," added

to you!"
"I will—if you wish it," said Carmela, sim-

ply. "But why?"
"Because—you may as well know it now, as hereafter. Little one, I fear that this Chiquita is my wife!"

Old Bull's-Eye bowed his head and moodily picked at the ground. Carmela stared at him in open mouthed astonishment. But then she cried, sharply:

"If so, then I hope and pray that the fire burned her up!"

"Hush, pet—you may be speaking of your own mother. This is why I say I must find her. If she is your mother, and my wife, as I fear, then you— Well, little one, instead of a husband, you will have found a father.' "I don't understand-you can't be my father. What do you mean?" asked Carmela,

slowly.
"Let it pass, now, pet. We will believe that all will come out right in the end. I don't feel like telling my story now—it's long and an unpleasant one, though you shall hear it some time. But you see now that I must not give up until I find this woman, or learn that she is dead, for from her alone—now that this Juan de Sylva, or Antone Barillo, is dead can we learn the truth. And until I learn different I'm going to believe that you are the child Walter Dugrand is searching for."

Carmela seemed willing enough that this should be so. She had never known a father in her life, and however pleasant such a relation might be, she did not want to find one in Old Bull's-Eye. In her heart she knew that she could love him far better as a husband.

Snow-squall seemed quite recovered, and mounting him, Old Bull's-Eye rode in and out among the scattered animals, and finally found a young mustang that had regained its feet and was cropping the dampened grass greedily. It was an easy matter to secure it, and shifting saddle and bridle, Carmela was soon mounted upon its back. Though this was the first time human being had ever crossed its back, the mustang only winced slightly the frightful race had tamed it most effectu-

Old Bull's-Eye, while examining the pile of carcasses, to see if it was possible to climb up to the upper prairie, with horses, made a joyous discovery. His trusty rifle was just peeping from beneath a dead buffalo, and extricating it, the scout found the weapon but little the worse for wear.

Provided with water and meat, the couple rode along the natural wall for several miles, finally finding a narrow trail that led up to the plain. A little tough climbing carried them up. The prairie, black as ink, stretched out before them as far as the eye could reach. There was no trail, but Old Bull's-Eye easily decided upon the course he must follow, and fixing the points well in his mind, they rode briskly forward, the young mustang behaving

On, hour after hour; then a broad trail lay before them. Old Bull's Eye dismounted, and closely inspected the tracks. lamation drew Carmela to his side. "Friends have passed by here, and that within the last two hours!" he said, gladly,

splendidly.

"How can you tell? I see that some of the horses were shod, but may it not have been the Red Hawks? I feel sure that they will follow after the Indians, as soon as they find out what has happened at the nest."

"You see this?" and Old Bull's-Eye pointed out a peculiarly shaped track upon the dampened ashes. "Snow-squall." "I owned that horse until I found Then I gave it to a friend, Murph. Toole. He was riding it three or days ago, so I know that, since he passed here, others are the men following Dugrand. If we can only overtake them! Come, let's try. With them we can clean out the Cayguas and rescue their captives.'

Mounting again, the scouts passed rapidly along the fresh trail, Old Bull's-Eye repeating the story told him by his trapper friend, about Walter Dugrand. His language was no longer that of a rough, illiterate borderer. While with Carmela he cast off the uncouth mask he had worn so long, showing himself for what he really was, a well-bred, educated man. "Look yonder!" suddenly exclaimed Carmela, extending her arm. "What are they? Is

not that a woman, with them?" Old Bull's-Eye, who had been regarding his pleasing comrade far more intently than the trail, now noticed a little group of human beings, far ahead, evidently dismounted in the

"We'll soon see-there are only three of them," he said, urging Snow-squall forward, closely followed by Carmela. There was no cover behind which the three wanderers could take shelter, and though they had plainly discovered the horsemen, they stood still awaiting the result. But then, with a

glad cry, one of them sprung forward, waving his arms like a madman. "Perry Abbot, by all that's holy!" cried the scout, as he recognized the man, and soon they

were grasping hands. It was indeed Anita, Perry and Luis, who, as soon as the party of supposed Red Hawks had disappeared, left the barranca and began their long journey, following the broad trail as a guide against straying in a circle. The meeting was a glad one on all sides, for Anita, though she knew that Carmela had played the part of a spy in the tragedy at the rancho, could not forget that the spirited maiden had

protected her from the insults of Red Hawk. After a hasty discussion it was resolved to press on after the Man hunters, partly because there would be greater safety pany, partly because they all felt a curiosity to witness the end of the drama.

Anita was mounted upon the mustang, while The immense mass of bodies piled against the Carmela backed Snow-squall, and with the

long, slender, and high-arched.

The two trails came together in a short time and it was evident that the Man hunters had been rapidly overhauling the cannibals. The sun was not more than an hour high when Old Bull's-Eye abruptly paused and held up his hand in warning. Halting, the party listened intently. The faint sound of distant firing came to their ears. There could be only one solution.

The Man-hunters had overtaken their prey Old Bull's-Eye lifted Anita from the saddle and leaped upon Snow-squall's back, exclaim

ing:
"You follow on after—I'm going to have a
hand in the fun!" and away he galloped, like a

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

Injun Dick:

THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCK THE SPORT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB,"
"WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

TWO PAIR. CHEROKEE looked at the old man for a mo ment, as if for the purpose of seeing if he was perfectly in earnest. There was no doubt

about the matter; Ugly was not joking.
"It seems to me," the long-haired sharp said, "that offer is like the handle of a pump, Why, you're sure to win," Ugly protested

"You always win!"

"But you've got a sure thing, anyway."
"Well, I ought to have something for her you, yourself, admit that."

But you are sure that the girl will be satisfied ?" Cherokee asked.

"I know she will be, and if she ain't, why the whole thing is off, and you can have your money back; you needn't pay it until you

"It's a go, then!" decided Cherokee.
"Here's the papers;" and the old man quickly drew a pack of well worn cards from

his pocket. Cherokee glanced at the cards a little suspiciously. Old Joe understood the meaning

of the glance. 'Oh, it's all honest! I give you my word

that the cards are all right. Cherokee quietly took the cards and ex amined them; then, apparently satisfied, he shuffled them a little, and inquired:

"How is it to be, old man, a little draw, or a single hand?"
Old Joe reflected for a few minutes, and

then resolved to stake all upon a single chance.
"Just a single hand, and the best show

"We'll cut for deal, of course," said Cherokee, giving the cards a few more dextrous You ought to allow me to deal, I think,

Old Ugly suggested, coaxingly.

"Not by a jug-full!" was Cherokee's reply.

'You've got the whole butt-end of the bargain

already. There's your cards. Now, cut em. If you had any money to lose, I'd lay you an even bet that I'll win the deal." "I'm broke," the old gambler confessed, with sigh. "If you'll trust, I'll go you an even

twenty on the turn, and you can take it out of "Make it five hundred instead of twenty, and it's a bargain !

The temptation was too strong for the old 'All right: five hundred even that I win

Five hundred !

the deal. Will you cut first ?" "No, you. A turn of the wrist and Cherokee displayed

the queen of spades. A hollow groan came from old Ugiy's lips

He did not believe that he could beat the "How's that for high, old man?" demanded Cherokee. "Ill go you a thousand to five hun-

dred that you won't beat that." Not even these tempting odds could induce

'Oh, you have Satan's luck !" the desperate old gamester protested. 'Try yours, old man," said Cherokee coolly

Ugly's cut was a tray of hearts. Cherokee laughed and Ugly swore.
"Now, partner!" the old fellow exclaimed.

impressively, after his fit of passion was over 'play fair with me; no ringing in a cold deck you know." "Square as a die, old man, for ducats!" and Cherokee's nimble fingers dealt off the cards.
"With trembling and with eager hands old

Joe grabbed the painted pieces of pasteboard. Cherokee watched his face as he gathered up the cards, and soon saw from the expression that Ugly had got a good hand. Then the long-bearded sharp took up his own cards, but whether he held four aces or

nary pair, would have puzzled a conjuror to have told, for it was not written on his face. "Well?" said Cherokee, inquiringly. "I think that I've got you!" Ugly decided,

trembling in every limb with excitement. 'Maybe so. I'm tolerably strong, though, and Cherokee betrayed no anxiety.

What have you got?" "Two pair." "Aha!" shouted Ugly in glee. "I've got three of a kind—three ten spots!" And in great joy the old man laid down the magic

three.
"Mine are two pair of Jacks," Cherokee re-

marked, placidly, and he laid down the four jacks by the side of the three tens. Ugly howled in despair when he understood that Cherokee had played upon him the well-

worn joke of calling four of a kind two pair. 'I owe you five hundred dollars and you owe me your daughter, Elinore," and Chero-

kee called the stakes You'll find her in the shanty," Ugly replied, still gazing blankly at the cards.

her that I say that I am willing."

Cherokee rose to his feet. "I reckon that this is a forlorn hope, old man, but I'll try it." The long-bearded sharp then strode away to

the door of the shanty, leaving Ugly still ga-

zing blankly upon the cards that had undone him, although he had come out of the game five hundred dollars richer. But what was that to a man who had expected to make a thousand and keep his daughter, too, as a bait

for some other love-sick individual?

Cherokee knocked at the shanty door and when Elinore's voice bade him enter, walked

The girl was seated by the table, her head reclining upon her hand.

Cherokee removed his hat, closed the door behind him, and stood motionless, gazing upon

As often as he had seen the tall and slender maiden never had she appeared so pretty as

now. "You have won?" she asked.

Cherokee was astonished. "You knew your father's design?"

"And you are willing to abide by the result Do you claim me ?"

Cherokee took a sudden start forward, knelt by the girl's chair, and placed his strong arm around her slender waist.

"Give me a single sign that you are willing to go with me, and I will claim you against all the world!" he exclaimed, passionately.

A moment she gazed upon the earnest, up-turned face of the son of fortune, her dark eyelashes half vailing the kindling eyes beneath.

"I have fought against liking you," she murmured, slowly, "but fate is stronger than I, and wills it otherwise. Do you know who and what my father is? He is a criminal from ustice. The president of a bank, he betrayed his trust; first squandered the funds intrusted to his care; then, when he found that detection was certain, he fled like a thief in the night. Remember that at any time the offi cers of the law may seize upon him, and while he lives I cannot desert him."

"Thonor a spirit like that!" and Cherokee spoke softly. "I, too, on my part, confess that I liked you from the moment my eyes first fell upon you. Like you, I resisted the impulse to love. I did not think myself worthy the love of any pure girl. I am a desperate, hunted man, skulking through the world under an assumed name. Bitter wrongs

have I to redress, bitter foes to punish."

"Why not seek forgetfulness elsewhere?"
she said, gently, bending down and touching
his broad forehead with her soft lips; "let my
love make you forget the world's wrongs orget revenge and all cruel passion.

Like one in a dream the iron-hearted Chero-tee yielded to the soft influence of the most charming passion that earth doth know.
"Be it so," he said; "only one blow more, and then peace and rest."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

PLAYING 'POSSUM. ONLY once more!

How many times that has been said in this vale of tears!" Once more, and then I stop."

Many a mortal has comforted a doubting heart with this assurance, and, nine times out of ten, what fatal consequences have followed "One more blow!" cried the long haired Cherokee, as he parted from the lily-like Elinore. "One more blow—the last, and then eace and rest.

With a lighter heart than he had carried in is bosom for many a long day, Cherokee left he wing-dam shanty

Old Ugly was anxiously awaiting the result f the interview. Well-well?" cried the old man, nervously.

"It's all right!" Ugly rubbed his skinny palms together in a low of satisfaction. "I knew that she would

low of satisfaction. pleased at the idea. Cherokee smiled. He understood that the old man was lying. "And the money, partner?" asked Ugly,

"Come in town to-night and you shall have

Old Joe looked disappointed; it was plain that he hungered to finger the gold-dust at "Why wait till night?" he grumbled.

What difference does it make if you give me the money now?" "None at all, old sport," Cherokee replied, pleasantly; "but I don't walk round with a small sized fortune in my pockets."

Ugly nodded; the explanation appeared reaonable to him.

"Suppose you make it this afternoon instead of to night?" he suggested. "No, no!" and Cherokee spoke decidedly; you can't have it before night. There will

be plenty of time for 'you to lose it all before twelve o'clock." Ugly shook his head with an air of great "Oh, no," he said. "I'm not going to gamble with the money. I'm going to buy a

share in a good paying mine. This is a big stake, and I'm not going to risk it." Again Cherokee smiled; he fully understood the strength of a gambler's resolution.

ook at the painted pasteboards and then the wild delirium would set in.
"Just you keep to that," the doubting Chero-

kee said, as he turned away. You'll be at the Occidental by dark?" "Yes, if I live."
"If you die before dark, I'll call it square,"

Jgly shouted out after Cherokee. That gentleman, striding along toward Cinnabar, merely waved his hand and smiled. Ugly watched him until he disappeared around the bend in the road; then, chuckling to himself in delight, old Joe went into the

Cherokee walked briskly on, strange thoughts Soon the thoughts translated themselves in-

to words. "It is of no use to keep up the fight longer," he muttered, communing with himself, as men who are of a solitary nature are apt to do. 'Blood enough has been shed. One man cannot keep back the hosts of civilization, no matter how strong his hatred, or how great his skill. Let me quit the game and in another country begin a new life. I am sick of this land. No matter where I go, the bloody work and treachery. seems to follow me. I'll go somewhere now where murder is a crime, and not even selfdefense can excuse the taking of life. settle this one little account, and after that I'll close the book forever. Whoever pleases may work the Cinnabar lode. It was madness for me to attempt to fight, single-handed, against mankind. Civilization is like the Hindoo car of sacrifice; clear the track or be

crushed beneath the wheels!" Cherokee was pacing onward with rapid strides, but as caution had become like a second nature to him, even while the muttered keep her from want, and would never again thoughts came from his lips, his eyes were keeping a wary watch upon the thicket that

ger, but that long habit had taught him to look for a foe in every bush.

And now, as he strode rapidly along the lonely road, his well-trained eyes warned him of danger, although the most searching glance could not have detected that there was a mortal near.

No human figure met the keen eyes, yet he was sure that within a little clump of timber, fifty paces or so along the road, a man was

A mother bird, frightened from her nest, was fluttering amid the tree-tops, and this simple circumstance convinced Cherokee that danger was at hand. The bloody avenger, whose hand was against

all men, knew full well that no friend waited for him in ambush. Upon the instant he halted.

Too late, apparently, for a little puff of smoke rose in the bush, and the hum of a ball sounded in the air.

Up went the hands of Cherokee, convulsive ly, and he staggered and fell to his knees. With a desperate effort he drew a Derringer from his coat pocket; but, as if the effort had cost him dear, he rolled over on his side in the

Then from the thicket, from whence the shot had been fired, rose a great shout of vic-

Forth into the road sprung the Mexican, Velarde. "Caramba!" he cried, in glee, thrusting the yet smoking pistol into his belt. "I've finished the job at the first trial! Now for his

dust!" But as the assassin ran toward the prostrate nan a wonderful change took place. The dead man came suddenly to life; the hand that grasped the Derringer was raised, and with an unerring aim sped a ball straight

to the heart of the Mexican. With a wild, convulsive shriek the assassin For a moment he writhed and groaned and struggled, biting the dust in his agony,

and then, as life departed, became statue-like Cherokee had risen to his feet. His device had succeeded; he had tricked the Mexican to his death. But he did not advance to the stricken man. He drew a revolver from his belt, drew back the hammer, and leveled the weapon at the little clump of timber whence

the Mexican had come. It was plain that Cherokee suspected the as-

sassin was not alone.
"Step out!" he said, sternly. And at the word, out into the road came the

oummer, Joe Bowers! With a placid smile, the redoubtable Mr. Bowers confronted the menacing muzzle of the leveled revolver. He had extended his hands above his head, clear proof that he intended to make no defen

"You did that bully!" Bowers exclaimed, in a tone of great admiration. "I never see'd any cuss popped off in better style. He thought he had you for sure, too. I reckon that you played that 'lone hand for all that it was

Got any prayers to say?" Cherokee asked,

"Reckon that I don't need to blow my Gospel horn just now, old pard," the bummer said, confidently. "I reckon that you won't plug the man that rung in a cold deal for you, the other night, at the Occidental."

You are one of Brown's gang?" "Ko-rect; but I jest foller him 'to serve my turn upon him, not I for love and duty,'as that noble galoot, Iago, remarks," Bowers said,

unblushingly. Cherokee hesitated for a moment, then finally lowered the revolver.

"Git!" he said, laconically.
"You bet!" Mr. Bowers replied, with equal

(To be continued—commenced in No. 245.)

ALIDA BARRETT

THE SEWING-GIRL

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, AUTHOR OF "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," "THE BEAUTIFUL FORGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL. THE END THAT WAS. THAT same evening Leon Burke had a long

interview with his father. Little more had passed between the married pair on the subject of the discovery so unexpectedly brought about. Mrs. Burke had kept ner room, really ill from the effects of her

painful excitement, and yet uncertain how her husband had taken the disclosure she had been compelled to make. He now knew that Archibald Loyel was her former husband, divorced by her caprice, without any proper cause, and without fault on his

part, except inability to surround her with the luxuries she craved, and to place her on a pinnacle as the queen of fashion. What regard had she shown for the sanctity

of the marriage tie? for the sacred claim of him she had vowed to love and cherish to her life's end? She had taken advantage of the shameful facility the laws of her State afforded; she had

cast off her allegiance, had severed herself from

her husband, even abandoning her child, and had ruthlessly deceived her new suitor, intent on sharing the wealth he could offer! When her repudiated husband had achieved wealth, far surpassing that of Mr. Burke, and when the fortunes of the latter seemed precarious, had she not applied to the divorced one, hoping to learn the secret of his uniform luck

and thereby build up her private fortune? Had she not received him at the banker's house, by stealth, as it were? Had she not taken him apart for a private conversation. and when discovered by her husband, had she not shielded the stranger from the blow aimed by maddening jealousy, even at the imminent

isk of her own life? These were bitter and humiliating thoughts to Stanley Burke, and he felt his heart grow hard toward the woman on whom he had lavished so much love, to be repaid with deceit

He did not suspect her of cherishing a pas sion for the husband of her youth. He did not imagine she had forgotten her marriage vows to himself. But he deemed her wholly heartless, cold, scheming and treacherous. knew beyond a doubt that she had never loved

Had the disclosure chanced a year sooner, or even a few months, Stanley Burke, with his horror of divorce and divorced women, would have separated himself forever from his wife. He would have settled on her a sufficiency to

have looked upon her face. But the late occurrences had taught him selfskirted the road. Not that he suspected dan- distrust; had humbled his pride in the dust.

Laura knew how deeply he had sinned to obtain the riches she had longed for. Discovery of what he had done would bring greater disgrace upon the family than her early fault; for did not the law sanction that? Yet she had never reproached him!

She had not taunted him in the hour of her humiliation with what he had done; nor bidden him measure his crimes with her more excusable dereliction. She had not defied him; on the contrary, she had taken all blame to herself. He could not deal harshly with one who had been so merciful to himself.

Yet the door in his heart was closed by the knowledge of her coldness, ambition and avarice. It would take time to soften the anguish of the blow. Meanwhile, he would do all in his power to give her peace. He would find her child, whom he would restore to her mother, and provide for her wants. He had a hastily arranged plan, as soon as

this was done, and his own safety secured by Leon's sacrifice, of leaving the country for a time. But he said nothing to his son Together they proceeded the next day to the address given by Gideon Drake. A mes-

senger had been sent by Miss Le Brun for some of his clothes; so that they learned he was in — street, at the lodgings of his daughter; though not that anything had happened to

They went on to the place where they ex-

pected to find him. There was an unusual bustle and crowd before the door; and they learned, on asking what was the matter, that two criminals had been arrested, charged with attempt to murder; and that their victim's deposition had just been ta-ken in due form. Both Jim Kelly and his "pal," Wilmot, had been led away to the

Tombs. The gentlemen ascended the stairs. Just outside the door Leon recognized Mr. Lovel, and pointed him out to his father. When Lo

vel, with a smile, grasped his hand, he could not avoid introducing him The two husbands of the same woman stood

face to face! At a glance Stanley Burke saw that the man before him was a thorough gentleman. His noble form and features, the frank, kindly expression, the intellectual power blended with gentleness visible in his face, prepossessed him in his favor in spite of prejudice.

Neither had time to say a word. The doctor came out, followed by another of the medical profession and several of the neighbors.

Burke and his son were yet ignorant of the they had any interest in the matter. The next instant they entered the room.

which her father lay, dying of his wound. She was very pale. Her hair was turned back from her broad forehead, and fell over her neck in neglected waves. She was wiping the death-dew from Gideon's forehead.

Burke went close to the bed. "Is this you, Gideon Drake," he asked, in a "It is the same, governor, but I have not long to stay. Jim has done for me this

The words were jerked out with effort amid gaspings for breath.

The banker stooped to whisper in his ear:
"Then you will do an act of justice, Gideon, and return me the papers you took?" The dying man looked at him, not under

"The papers you brought me back were sto len from my desk the next hour. And your daughter—if this is your daughter—offered to sell them to my son."
"Charlotte?" the pale lips opened to say.

standing.

"Is this true?"

"It is true, father! I promised to restore them—on conditions." "They are worthless to you-without Hammond's evidence! You could do nothing with them!"

er, "though they are of vital importance to me, as my possession of them deprives Hammond of the power to injure me, you could not use them against me unless in concert with him. I see, by your conscious face, that you were the person who took them from my desk Be satisfied with the misery you have already brought on me and my family."

The girl bowed her head. "Let me have them! You shall be richly rewarded." Without speaking a word. Charlotte rose from

her seat. The imploring eyes of the dying man met her own. They seemed to plead for the act of justice that might help his sin-laden soul to depart in peace She went into the small inner room, and pre sently returned with the package in her hand.

With a whispered expression of thanks, Burke turned away. Leon followed him. He gave not a single glance to Charlotte. She resumed her seat by her father's hed Lovel approached the dying man. His first inquiry was prompted by the benevolent solicitude of the Christian for the suffering.

This she put into the banker's hands.

"Can I do nothing for you?" he asked. "I can send you the best medical aid." "Too late!" faintly breathed the wounded

Leon Burke returned His father's request, he said, was that Gideon Drake would restore the papers concerning Miss Barrett.

"They are in my valise, Charlotte," panted her father. The valise had been brought from his lodgings, and was close by the head of the bed on which he lay. "Those papers, interrupted Mr. Lovel, "be-

long to me. "They shall be restored to you," returned Leon, "the instant I receive them. You have assuredly the best right." Miss Le Brun stooped her head to listen for

Gideon's directions. She took the key he wore attached to his watch-chain, unlocked the valise, and handed

the parcel of papers to Mr. Lovel. He thanked her, and after another offer of assistance, giving her his card to send to him in case of needing it, withdrew. "God will bless you for these acts of mercy,

Miss Le Brun," whispered Leon to her.

Are you satisfied?" she asked. "Certainly I am." "Then stay no longer. You can see my father is insensible. He will never speak

again." "Send me word if I can be of service to you. Charlotte. Will you not?" "You can do nothing for me. I entreat you to leave me. I will never ask another fa-

Leon cast one look on the expiring man. His face already wore the ashen hue of death,

but his breathing was still audible. The next moment Leon had passed out of the room. And before the next ten minutes had elapsed, the spirit of Gideon Drake had gone to its last account.

At the request of Stanley Burke, Alida was brought to his house for an interview with her mother. He was not present, but he saw the maiden before she departed. His greeting and ongratulations were cordial and heartfelt.

Leon saw her too; not only on that occasion, but on several others. Once in particular, when, at Clara Burke's entreaty, the fair girl onsented to officiate as first among her brides maids. Leon was first groomsman; and the happiness of attending her fell to his lot.

It was then that hope reentered his heart. The young girl was too artless to conceal the impression he had made upon her affections; and the two, somehow, contrived to come to an

and the two, somehow, contrived to understanding satisfactory to both.

Clara was a lovely bride. She sailed for Europe soon after with her husband, who may yet become heir presumptive of the earldom. Alida, by her own and her father's desire. returned to school, and prosecuted her studies with diligence. In two years she will be mancipated. Then Leon Burke hopes that s e will reward his faithful attachment.

r father has purchased a home on Madison evenue, to which he will remove when his daugh or completes her education. When the young pair return from their bridal tour he

may invie them to reside with him. Charlotte Le Brun went to live in Cincinnati. She refused all offers of payment from Mr. Stanley Burke and from Mr. Lovel; and quitted the city immediately after her father's funeral. She continued to exercise her artistic talents at the West, and before the year was out, married a young lawyer of great promise. No doubt she profited by the lessons she had received. We will hope she proved a good wife and a useful member of society.

Hammond was never heard of by either of his partners. He is probably still engaged in speculations—making victims of the unwary, and adding to his hoards. Wall street has too many like him.

The two ruffians, Jim Kelly and Robert W lmot, were tried for the murder of Gideon.
Jim was convicted and executed; his accomplice was sent to the State's Prison for a long

term of years.
The banker—Stanley Burke—never reproached his wife for the deception she had practiced on him. He was the first to bring her recovered daughter to her presence, and he always welcomed Alida to his house. But Mrs. Burke could not fail to see the change in him and his feelings toward her. The remorse and humiliation she had suffered had a wholesome effect. She never seemed again to care for name of the wounded man. They heard the doctor say, "No hope," without suspicion that they had any interest in the matter. The next er the confidence of her husband, and in devotion to his comfort she will find the peace and Charlotte Le Brun was seated by the bed on joy which no triumphs of fashionable life could ever secure

She well knows, now, that the only door by which true happiness could enter the heart is guarded by the serene angels-Love and Purity of Conscience.

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THE TEA IS ALWAYS LATE. A Husband's Complaint.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I cannot tell why it should be—
I can't see why it's so—
I someway fail to understand—
I'd really like to know—
I wish that I could comprehend—
Won't anybody state
Just why it is that every night
My tea is always late?

My wife she promised at the start
To love me and obey,
And all things tokened happiness
From that sweet marriage-day.
But, something in those marriage vows,
Of meaning very great,
I'm sure must have been overlooked—
The tea is always late.

I have to meet a friend at six—
Or go unto the mail;
Perhaps I've got to go to lodge—
Perhaps to make a sale.
I am expected at the store,
The buyer cannot wait—
But there my sorry luck comes in—
The tea is always late.

I've growled till all the windows shook,
And all the doors were jarred,
I've stamped till all the window-glass
Fell rattiling in the yard;
I've vowed to take my meals down-town,
No matter what the rate,
But nothing seems to change the rule—
The tag is always late.

But nothing seems to the The tea is always late.

I move my wife with my complaints,
I turn the servants out;
I say my evening meal at last
I'll learn to do without.
I wait until to-morrow comes
To be more fortunate,
But everything turns out the same—
The tea is always late.

If I should ever wed again
I would fill up the flaw,
And make postponement of the tea
A breach in marriage law.
But, since I can't reverse the rule,
I've given up to fate;
I sit me down dejectedly
And take a nap, and wait.

The Snow Hunters: WINTER IN THE WOODS

BY C. DUNNING CLARK. AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTER," "IN THE WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

VI.—Boiling a Tunnel.

For two days after the punishment of Bill Becker, and the addition of Indian Alf to the party, very little was done, for a heavy snow fell which made hunting impossible. It was not so much the quantity of snow which fell but a heavy wind was blowing, and for nearly forty-eight hours you could hardly see ten et from the door. Luckily enough they had firewood in abundance, as well as a great quantity of fresh meat, and therefore could afford to laugh at the storm outside. Sitting before the glowing fire they feasted upon the sav ory ribs of the wapiti and listened to the tales of hunter life as they fell from the lips of old Dave Blodgett. This man, in his adventurous life, had seen much of peril, and had shared in dangers almost beyond belief. He had starved with a party on the alkali flats of the West, and been "snowed in" among the Sierras; had canoed it upon the waters from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of California; had fought with the desperate Indians of all tribes over this broad land, and had dropped game before his deadly rifle upon nearly every State in the Union and every division of Canada. Such a man must have laid up great stores of knowledge, and through these stormy days the party never thought of becoming weary with listening to the stories of his wild adventure.

"Well, boys," said the guide, "seein' we ar' snowed in, I reckon I'll hev to tell you about a trip I took one time up on the Red River of the North. I hed two companions, boys, that knowed the kentry like a book, an' had seen nigh ez much of it ez I hed, an' thet ain't sayin a little, I allow. Jim Johnson was one an Ned Fobes the other. We'd bin trappin' an' hed b'ilt up quite a cache, but we hed to keep mighty clust on account of the Crees. Them Plain Crees ar' p'izen, now mind I tell ye. A lot of hungry, lazy, wicked cusses, thet don't think no more of a man's life than you would of snuffin' out a candle. I've fou't 'em in ev-

ery shape, an' I know wher'of I speak.
"We hed a mighty nice winter, and the
beaver seemed to walk into our traps of the'r own accord. We kalkilated on makin' our pile that winter, an' it seemed likely we might. We'd made our camp in a canon among the mountains, a place hard to git at, an' thar' staid nights. We b'ilt a cabin clust to the rocks, and trained some mountain vines to run over it in sech a way thet a stranger would

hardly know the cabin war thar'. 'The night I speak of I didn't like the look of the sky. It wasn't cold, you understand, but the sky looked like lead, an' I knowed we war goin' to hev snow, an' I told the boys so. But they laughed it off, an' I sed no more, an' arter we'd smoked our pipes out three or four times, we laid down in our blankits an' slept

like logs.
"I war the furst thet woke in the mornin', an' when I tried to push open the door it stuck, somehow. 'This door is bulged some way, Jim,' I sez.

'Come an' give us a lift, will ye?'
"Jim come an' set his shoulder against the door, an' turned pale when it didn't budge. Then he ran to the window, an' could see the white snow piled up high above the window, how high he could not tell.

"Snowed in! "Boys, thet meant bizniss. Thar' we war, in in the midst of a deep canon, an' with hardly food enuff to last a month. war an awful thought thet we three, who only wantid to make an honest livin' an' then die like men, should be cooped up in this hole to

die.
""I'm bound to see whether this snow is over the roof,' I sez. They lifted me up an' I clipped away the bark with my knife, an' ef will believe it, the snow war over the roof! It hed drifted, an' the canon war full, an' we five hundred feet from the open kentry -where we could hev got along well enough-

war penned up in a livin' grave. "Jim Johnson sot down and thought about it. He war a noble feller, an' one thet never give up when thar was a way out'n the scrape. I could see by his face that he didn't perpose to give up-not ef he know'd it. "'Dave,' he sez, 'how fur is it out of this

durned canon?' "Five hundred feet mebbe. I reckon we

ar' dished, old man.'

"'Don't give it up yit,' sez Jim. 'Ef the snow wa'n't so durned light I'd laugh at it, but this yer tumbles in too easy. How much wood hev we got?'
""Wood enuff to last all winter. I only

wish we hed ez much grub.'

"'Hev we got a week's grub?" "'Yes; a month's, sartin.

"Under the sarcumstances, it war rather cool in him to ask me to play keerds, and the look of horror in my face made him laugh. "'Don't look like you was goin' to sink inter

the grave, Dave,' he sez. 'Only let this snow settle an' I'll git you out of this. An' when I say that, I mean bizniss. We ar' all right, I tell ye. Anyway, I'll bet ten beaver-pelts we ar' out'n this in a week.'

"'Do you think we ar' goin' ter hev a thaw?'

" Nixy.

"'Then, how d'ye mean ter git out?" "'Never you mind. Git them picters an' let us hev some fun.

"I don't think I ever played a hand at old cledge when the picters interested me less; but, somehow, Jim's calm face infected me, an' I felt better. We didn't do much fur two days but play keerds, an' on the third mornin' Jim pushed the door an' got a handful of snow. It were quite wet, an' Jim looked pleased.
"'What ar' you goin' ter do?' I sez.

"'I'm goin' ter make a tunnel."

"'Why, Jim,' sez I 'yer lame on thet, yer awful lame. This yer tunnel hez got ter be five hundred feet long. Now, what ar' ye goin' ter do with the snow?'

"'Looks like I couldn't fotch it, eh? You build up a roaring fire an' put out all the kit-

tles. I'm goin' ter bile my way out.'
"I minded him, not thet I see'd his little game yit. I got the fire roarin', an' he took the kittles out—the snow had melted away from the door so that he could open it-an filled them with snow. While it was melting he war digging at his tunnel, an' throwing the snow in on the floor. We scooped it up an' threw it inter the kittles, an' when they was full, Jim took the hot water out an' threw it on the snow in front of him, an' every kittlefull dug a mighty big hole in the snow.

"'Looks like we mout fotch her, Dave,' says Jim. 'What d'ye think now?'
"'Won't she cave in?' I sez, lookin' up at the

roof of his tunnel. "He didn't answer, but, after he had dug the tunnel about ten feet long, he took out the water and threw it on the roof, where it formed a sort of cake, so that it did not fall in

worth a cent. "'Hooray, Jim!' I sez. 'You'll fotch it this time!

"The fust day he dug a hundred feet, an had a nice tunnel two feet wide an' six feet high, an' when we went into it in the morning the roof was hard ez ice, an' didn't show the fust sign of caving in. We worked like heroes now, an' that day we did two hundred feet. We couldn't go wrong, fur the canon wa'n't more'n twenty feet wide.

'Jim war proud of his tunnel, an' I ain't fully satisfied he didn't git up nights to look at it. Not thet we slept all night, but we took spells of sleep while the other two worked. One thing troubled me: s'pose this wa'n't a drift in the canon—s'pose the snow were that deep on a level. On the fifth day we had dug over five hundred feet, an' no sign of daylight yit. Jim still kept whistling at his work. "'How long ar' you goin' ter keep this up?

I says.
"'While the wood lasts, boyee. I thought you told me it war five hundred feet to daylight?

"I thought it war nigh about that." "'I don't keer ef it's eight; I'm bound to tunnel out. I seem to feel that we'll succeed. For-hooray-hip, hip, hip-hooray!

"Sure enough, we saw daylight ahead, an' we know'd thet we was nigh liberty. Ned went back fur the rifles an' traps, an' Jim made the snow fly afore him. Five minnits arter we stood in the open air, free men, after seven days spent under the snow. What's the time, Square? Ten o'clock, eh! Blankit-time with

And the party lay down to rest by the gleam ing fire.

A Game of Cards.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"EUCHERED!" exclaimed Maurice Sands as his partner, Miss Cornelia Hungerford—called Neale, for short, by her few intimate friends —threw a trump upon their opponents' last trick. He gathered up the cards, saying: "We have scored nine. One more point and we are victors, and it is your deal," this

The lady puts out her hand for them "Why, Miss Hungerford, are you ill?" Mau-

"Oh, no! but—"she feels that she is frightfully pale—"the room is close." She draws a sort of sighing breath, as if really oppresse by the sultry atmosphere of the August night as experienced within the brilliantly-lighted room, then, with an effort, is her fascinating self again, and makes a laughing remark to Willis Cleveland as she tosses the cards about, She does not pale again, even when she looks at her hand, knowing that, in all probability this deal decides her fate. Her own eards tell her nothing; but Mr. Sands' voice does, almost instantly, with a triumphant ring in it that would have been intensified had he known the decision that this game of cards controlled.

"You've done magnificently, partner! See what you have given me," he shows up his hand—the two bowers and the ace—"our last

She bows, and holds her white hands across the table to him in congratulation, as placidly as if she was not realizing, with great heartthrobs of anguish, that she has put forever in to the past, honor, and love, and happiness And though of her own will, and only in mental agreement with herself has Miss Hungerford done this-staked her destiny upon a game of cards-it never occurs to her to do aught but accept as inevitable the fate she has challenged. She is no coward, if rash, passionate, and unwise. She has never been known to abandon a purpose short of its fulfillment. nor to flinch in the execution of tasks however difficult, or foolhardy, or mad. The termination of a game of cards has pictured her fu She sees it, loathes it, accepts it, and turns to hear Miss Morse's congratulations with a light born not of victory, but of death-

like resolve, in her great, cloudy, black eyes. "My compliments, Miss Hungerford," Cleve-land joins in. "You have won the stakes for championship. Allow me the honor, Mau-

Mr. Sands has lifted a vine of myrtle twisted with a few starry, white phloxes. Cleveland takes it from him, and rising, places it gracefully, with a half caressing motion it ems to Miss Morse—who loves Willis, and chafes under the galling consciousness that she loves him hopelessly—upon Cornelia Hungerford's stylishly arranged braids of blue-black

""Then take it easy. Let's play a game of seven-up. I kin beat the boss at the picupon her handsome, creamy, brunette face. Miss Hungerford rises, haughtily.

"Thank you; but allow me to remind you that my name can only be used as that in connection with Mr. Sands." Then turning to that gentleman: "It is fearfully oppressive here; will you give me your arm to the veranda?"

They go out together, slowly—there seems a challenge in all Miss Hungerford does to-night -into the yellow August moonlight, and warm, damp, fragrant air, and along the broad balcony to a wide side-flight of steps lying in a rippleless flood of sheen. Here Miss Hungerford withdraws her hand from her companion's arm and leans, tall and stately, against a shaft of railing, coolly surveying Maurice, who stands in awkward silence. she hates him-no, not that; he is not enough her equal to be worthy such passion; but she regards him with merciless contempt, this rich, loud - styled, unintelligent, almost illiterate man, who has asked her to be his second wife, and whose second wife she means to be

Presently she says, calmly: "I thank you for allowing me my own time wherein to frame an answer to your flattering offer; but I might have spared you any impatience by saying 'yes' at first, as I say it now." Few men but Maurice Sands would have failed to catch the sarcasm flavoring Miss Hungerford's speech.
"I am blessed—" he begins awkwardly,

without the least attempt at affectionate demonstrativeness—Miss Hungerford has a look as if she would not allow it—"I—I—" here

he breaks down.

Cornelia makes no effort to help him make love to her, but stands silent, with mocking lines and lights about her mouth and in her eyes; so he commences again, drawing a great, glittering diamond-drop from his fourth finger, and holding it toward his betrothed: "Will you let me place this upon your hand -and-I may feel sure that it is the-

Miss Hungerford comes to the rescue this You may feel sure that I shall it as the visible seal of a bond that shall be

ratified at your own good pleasure."
"Thank you. It shall be very soon, but we'll talk of that to-morrow."

'Very well. Take me back." Mrs. Cleveland meets them at the door.

was just coming for you, Neale; it is too damp to stay outside, and Fred and Willis are both asking for you to sing. "Then I must resign Mr. Sands to your ten-der mercies, Anabel. A sweet reprieve for

him since he is to endure mine for life." So, she tells her friend that this engagement has come about; and, at the piano, her diamond-decked finger flashes the intelligence to the others of Cliff Cottage circle. Estella

Morse rejoices; Mr. Cleveland looks over to his wife-entertaining Maurice-and shrugs his shoulders cynically; his brother, leaning low over Cornelia as she concludes her voca entertainment and dashes into a grand fantasia, whispers:

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you, but I shall not! You do not think as much of the man you are going to marry as you do of me You feel only contempt for him; you honor me with your hate—though you know I wor-

Miss Hungerford replies with insulting coldess: "Spare yourself congratulations and me the infliction of your conceit. You do your self too high an honor in thinking I would waste any thing so exhaustive as hate upon you. As for your worship, do not waste anything so precious; it is not worth a thought to

"Is it not?" he says, with a steely hardness in his low, intense voice. "Is it not? You shall learn better!"

She laughs such a mirthful, mocking laugh back at him, as she gets up from the piano, her face from him, and cries: "How flatteringly you all treat my music. Estella gone, Fred and you, Anabel, and Mr. Sand ing like poppies—the combined result of sleep-iness and heat, I presume. It is insufferably warm to-night."

Mr. Sands sends for his carriage, and pres ently the horses come round. Miss Hunger ford accompanies him to the door and reluctantly gives him her hand. He grasps it firmly, jerks her toward him, saying: "I have the right," and kisses her, and goes down to his handsome equipage,

At that moment Willis Cleveland brushe past her, his hair wet with dew from the honeysuckles, a sneer curling his lips.

Miss Hungerford sees, and passes up the stairway with her face aflame, and in her own room kneels by her open casement and ripples the sultry summer gloom with short, quick

breaths of anger and misery.

Now, when she feels the touch of that man's kiss upon her lips—lips whose very curved lines speak of the woman's inborn pride—lips that have never given favors to any man but Aylmer Du Puy—lips that he has caressed scores of times, as sacred to him, alone, calling them all beautiful names that describe carnation perfectness—she feels cold chills of horror as she realizes how utterly, in her rashness, she has crucified womanly honor and the only soul-passion her heart can ever know. And that Willis Cleveland should know this, too and taunt her with it! How she hates him but not more than she hates herself!

There is a slight tap at the door. Instantly Miss Hungerford is walking toward it calm ly; calmly she questions:
"Who is there?"

Willis Cleveland's voice answers, "It is I. Pardon me, Miss Hungerford, but I find slipped among my letters one for you. I quite forgot to hand it to you at tea."

Miss Hungerford sets the door ajar, and

takes the letter, and shivers with it in her hand in the gloom, and as the flash of the lamplight falls upon it whitens to the lips; for it is from Du Puy. Steadily she opens it and

"NEALE, DARLING NEALE:
"No doubt I have been a fool. But I cannot beieve that I am not more to you than Willis Cleveand. At least, I must make one trial, even though
you are down there with him, to save you to myself. orgive I pray you my hard words—my silence—orget and forgive everything save that I worship ou! My love! my life! I cannot live without you! end me word then to live and love you.

"AYLMER DU PUY."

And if this letter had reached Miss Hungerford four hours sooner, she might have answered it as her whole nature dictates. Instead, she has madly staked her fate upon cards, and lost the lover to whom she has been too proud to write first, and for whose message she has waited vainly so many days. Now that it is come, she is the promised wife of another man, and Miss Hungerford has never broken her word, will not break it now So what avail to explain that Willis Cleveland had never been more to her than her dearest friend's brother, to exorcise her lover's jealousy, to deprecate her own rash pride and

rd's stylishly arranged braids of blue-black air.
"The lady to whom Mr. Du Puy wrote to-day is the betrothed wife of Mr. Maurice Sands, of Castle Kynge, Hildreth."

Those are the only lines that go in answer

to Aylmer Du Puy.

Miss Hungerford and Mr. Sands are to be married with the New Year. He is at his town house; she vibrates between Anabel's, on - square, and her boarding-place upon a street near; meeting Willis occasionally, hat-ing him as fiercely as ever, and trying to be-lieve that he is half to blame for the misery she endures—the effect of her rashness. Willis and Maurice meet oftener—around town and at the club.

They play late one night, Maurice staking All the gentlemen heavily and losing all. All the gentlemen have been drinking. Willis, especially, is flushed with wine and excitement. Perhaps that is how he comes to taunt his vis-a-vis. "You ought to ask Miss Hungerford to come

play for you." How dare you use her name here?" Sands

cries, in a rage. "You have to of her, and to her, at all times." "You have too much to say Willis laughs mockingly: "Oh! ho! that need not trouble you! She cares scarcely

more for me than for you, and, Heaven knows, she hates you badly enough!" A spray of wine dashes across Cleveland's face. But New York is not the city in which to fight duels, and their friends hold them

apart. The games go on, and Maurice yet Out in the cold gray dawn walks Willis. Another man follows him close, the owner of the fiery team who chafe by the curb. The drops his hand heavily upon Willis'

shoulder. "Now swear to me that what you said in

there was false!"
"It is not! Cornelia Hungerford loves but
one man. She quarreled with him, and means to marry you because of her devilish

pride! "And that man was-?" "His name, you mean? Aylmer Du Puy. Ask her if it is not so," and Cleveland walks

away with a mocking laugh. Sands springs to the carriage, snatches the reins from the drowsy servant, flings the whip at the flery horses, and a minute later they are tearing along the square, carrying the debris of a carriage from which master and servant lie limp upon the stones. In an instant two men are bending over Maurice-one with whom he has just quarreled-one who had reached them just in time to hear their quarrel-and find him dead.

"Can you give me Miss Hungerford's address, Mr. Cleveland?" Alymer Du Puy asks, quite calmly, after ascertaining that fact.

Perhaps Willis understands in that instant

of what little avail all that has happened will be to him. He gives the address. Miss Hungerford comes down to her nine

o'clock breakfast, after a sleepless night. "A gentleman in the parlor to see you, Miss, and if ye please he says he's in a great hurry. She turns back from the dining-room door, and enters the parlor, where Du Puy faces her. In a moment he is holding her hand, and ask-

ing:
"Neale, for God's sake, tell me the truth!

Do you love me enough to marry me?"
"I am to marry another man! I have given
my word!" She falters, turning away her head, and wondering whether she has strength and pride to keep her word, as she has always

kept it heretofore.
"Neale," he says almost in a whisper, "suppose I tell you that you are absolved from that promise, forever? What then?"

Anabel coming in hurriedly to condole with her friend over the death of her betrothed, finds her being consoled in Alymer Du Puy's

BY EBEN E. REXFORD. ROY TREMAINE, sauntering idly down the street one morning, saw something flashing in ieweler's window which made him think of Helen Pierce, because its radiance was so pure. Roy was Helen's lover, and her betrothed husband, and that will explain why so poetical a simile was suggested by the flashing of a

He stepped inside and asked to see the jew-

el whose glitter had attracted him. It was a pearl, fashioned in the shape of an acorn, with a cup of gold. One of those rare pearls that have a radiance like moonlight, so pure and mellow in its light that it was suggestive of a lover's dreams on starlit nights of At least it suggested that to Roy. those who were not lovers it might have failed

to suggest anything so foolish and romantic. "I've a good notion to buy it for Helen," he said, holding up the gem to see the sunshine

filter through it. While he was looking at it George Trent came in. Trent was not an especial friend of Roy's. He had tried to win the woman he had He knew that he ought to be magnanimous now, and forget all that had passed; he could afford to since Helen Pierce wore his ring upon her finger, but somehow he could not overcome an instinctive feeling of dislike for

the man who had been his rival "A pretty little thing you have there," said Trent, coming up to the window. "I would "I would buy it if I were in your place for a certain lady I wot of. Allow me to congratulate you, Tremaine. I believe I haven't seen you since

the happy affair was decided." Trent referred to Tremaine's engagement, "Thank you," answered Roy, rather coldly.
"I will take it," he said to the jeweler, and gave him the pearl to wrap up for him.

He was intending to call on Helen the next

evening, and give her the pearl. It would be her twentieth birthday. Rut the next forenoon he received a telegram from Boston. His presence was required there at once on a very important busi-

ness matter. He sat down by his desk and wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and wrapped it around the box containing the pearl. Inclosing this in another paper he wrote Helen Pierce's name on it and put it in his pocket. "I am sorry I can not give it to her my self," he said, as he got ready for his trip to "I'll get some boy to take it up for

She'll understand what it is meant for.' On his way to the train he called a boy and gave him the box to take to Helen. Little did he think of what he would have to suffer from that bit of concentrated moonlight.

Roy came back three days afterward.

The first person he met was Trent. "Ah, back again?" said that gentleman, shaking hands with him. "Miss Pierce told me that she thought you would be gone a

"Yo uhave been there, then?" said Roy, not wharf, and saw her safely off."

"Off?" echoed Roy. "Where's she gone to?"

"To Charleston," answered Trent, with a rather triumphant smile. "I supposed you knew she was going. She's been talking of it

for a long time. "No, I didn't know," said Roy, who didn't fancy the idea of his old rival being so much better informed of his intended wife's plans than he was. "When is she coming back?"

"Can't say," answered Trent, pulling out his watch. As he did so, something on his watchguard flashed in the sunshine. Roy glanced at it, and wondered if his eyes were playing him false. It was a pearl acorn, in a cup of gold, so exactly like the one he had sent to Helen that he could have sworn it was the

you are admiring my little gift," Trent said, toying with the jewel. "I didn't suppose I was to be the happy recipient of it when you bought it, and I don't suppose you did."

"I should like to know how it came in your possession?" said Roy, excitedly. Trent's exultant ways stung him. "I can show you a note that came with it,

or part of a note rather," answered Trent, taking a scrap of paper from his pocket. "I wouldn't care to let you read all of it." He held the paper up, and Roy read:

"I received this pretty little trifle yesterday. Knowing who sent it, I do not care to wear it. The sender was once my friend, but is so no longer." "That is all I shall let you read, except the name," laughed Trent, and covered the paper with his hand, with the exception of a narrow space at the bottom, on which a name was

That name was Helen Pierce.
"I must thank you for indirectly being the cause of my good fortune," laughed Trent, maliciously.
"I suppose from what she said, liciously. "I suppose from what she said, there had been a lover's quarrel. It's an old saying 'That it's an ill wind that blows no-

"You are very much at fault in your suppositions," said Roy, frigidly. "There has been no lover's quarrel. If Miss Pierce chooses to present her dear friends with pearls and rubies she has a perfect right to do so. Goodmorning," and bowing coldly to the man who

was enjoying his chagrin, he left him. Roy Tremaine was like a man in a dream for a week after that. He could not understand what it all meant. That Helen had sent his gift to his rival he knew from her own let-ter accompanying it. What she could possibly mean by her reference to the person who sent it he could not understand. He had given her

no cause for offense. Did she love Trent, after all? As days went by, and no letter came from her, he began to believe that she did, and that one reason why she had gone away was to

avoid him. "She needn't have done that," he said, bitterly. "I would have given her back her freedom if she had told me that she wanted

He went off on a fishing and hunting trip of a week to the Adirondacks. But fishing and hunting couldn't amuse him. So he came back to the city, and declared his intention of going to Europe.

A steamer was to leave the next week, and he got ready to go with it. The day of departure came, and Roy Tremaine was pacing the wharf about an hour before the vessel was to sail, thinking bitter

thoughts of the woman he had loved, and who had deceived him so cruelly. Some one touched him on the arm. He turned and found himself face to face

with Helen Pierce. "Roy," she said, firmly, despite a little quiver of her lip, "I could not let you go away without knowing what has caused this change in you. Is it anything I have done?"

ed, scornfully "I do need to ask," she said. "I know no more than the furthest person in the world

why you should treat me as you have."
"I suppose it was nothing worth minding for you to give that acorn to a fellow like Trent," cried Roy, indignantly. "Knowing who it came from, it was of no account to you! You see I understand something of the facts of the case, Miss Pierce.

"I gave no acorn to Mr. Trent," answered Helen, grieved at Roy's angry tone, and puzzled at his words. "He sent me the acorn. returned it to him, telling him that I could not accept it, knowing who sent it. I could not call him my friend, and I could accept nothing from him."

"George Trent did not send the acorn?" exclaimed Roy, beginning to look bewildered. With Helen's pure eyes on his face how could he doubt her words? "I sent it myself."

"You?" Helen uttered the word incredulously. "A note accompanied it signed with the initials G. T. Your name is Roy. The initials were George Trent's. I supposed it

came from him." "My name is Glenroy Tremaine," he answered. "They call me Roy, but I never write it so. Can it be that I have judged you falsely, Helen? Trent showed me the note which he said came with the acorn-or part of it, rather. He did not let me read it all."

"If he had you would have found out the truth," answered Helen. "I think I understand it now. Mistaking the sender of the acorn, I sent it to the very person who could use the circumstance to the best advantage in making trouble between us. He showed you part of my note, and you naturally supposed meant you. He called the afternoon before I went to Charleston to visit my aunt, who was very ill, and apologized for some things he had said, and begged to be taken back into my friendship. I believed he was sincere in his apologies, and told him that I was willing to forget the past. He wore the acorn on the oc-casion of his visit, but neither of us referred to it in any way. I gave him a letter to give

to you. Did you get it?" "No, I did not," answered Roy, jubilantly.
"I don't care for it, Helen, since I see now that I made a great mistake in thinking you wanted to get rid of me. If you can forgive

me for doubting you!" "I will, if you won't go to Europe," she an-

swered, softly. Roy did not go to Europe. He did go to see Mr. George Trent, however, and that diplomatic young man failed to appreciate his visit. Roy had the satisfaction of telling him what he thought of him, and promising him another visit if he ever interfered in his affairs again. And rather than receive the visit, I think Mr. Trent will mind his own business.

THOUGH you be sprung in direct line from Hercules, if you show a low-born meanness, that long succession of ancestors whom you very amiably. "She is well I suppose?"

"She was well this morning," answered Trent, smilingly. "I drove her down to the but serves to make your ignominy more evidisgrace are so many witnesses against you;